Saturday Review

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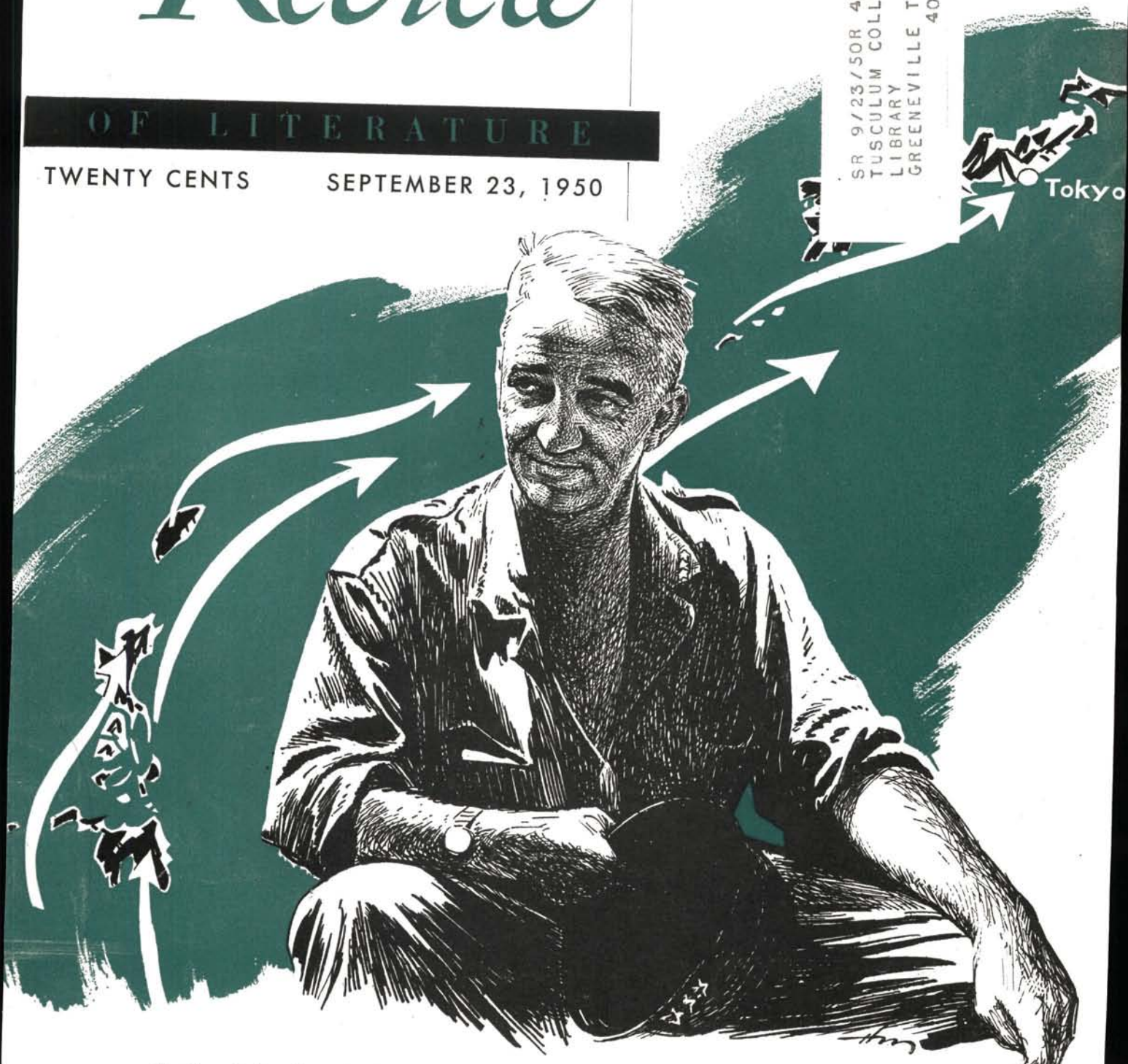

Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger, author of "Our Jungle Road to Tokyo." *(See page 11)*

Church vs. Christianity

By FREDERICK KEELER STAMM

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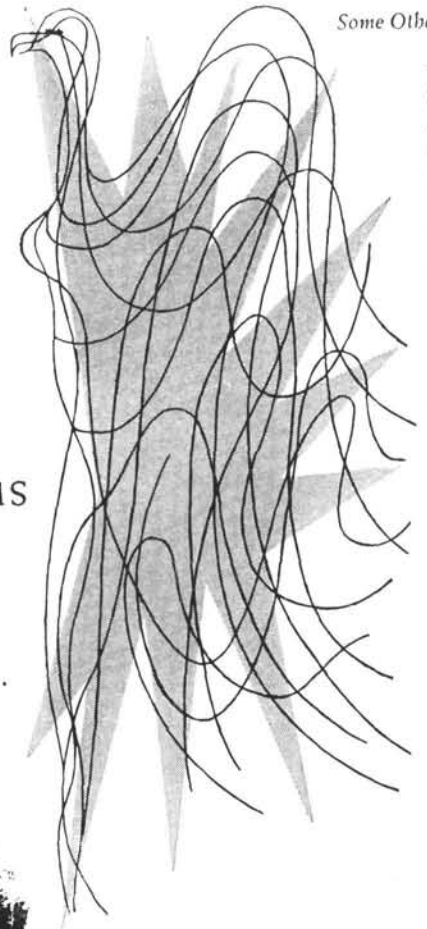

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TRADE Winds

THE GENERAL FOODS Corporation and Young & Rubicam, the advertising agency that handles their account, made fine spectacles of themselves, while I was lazing on the beach at Cape Cod, banning an actress named Jean Muir from the Henry Aldrich radio program because a small group of the country's outstanding reactionaries made her a target for their usual

brand of vilification and organized persecution. I have no notion whatever about Miss Muir's habits or ideas, but I will believe her forthright declaration of loyalty to her country until I am shown tangible proof to the contrary. Meanwhile, every case of Muirism puts in greater jeopardy our fundamental civil liberties and strengthens the hand of some of the slimiest individuals in our midst. At the moment most of them are herded together, fortunately, in groups whose very names are anathema to liberal citizens, or writing their hate-filled columns for newspapers whose reactionary preachments have been repudiated again and again by the electorate. For the love of Mike, let's keep them penned there. Every time another individual is pilloried for daring to differ from the pack, or declared guilty by association, we strengthen the hands of our worst enemies.

The most heartening angle of the Muir case is the alacrity and vigor with which authors, actors, publishers, and producers, united for once, have rallied to her defense. Since I have come back to New York, I have heard the case and its implications discussed over and over again, with a unanimity of opinion that is almost without precedent in this highly individualistic business of ours. Hatred of Communism is one thing. But taking advantage of that hatred to ape the "thought-police" methods of the Kremlin dictators is another.

Howard Lindsay, co-author of "Life with Mother," "State of the Union," and "Call Me Madam," and one of the finest Americans and finest gentlemen I ever have known, stated the proposition so clearly and succinctly in a letter published in *The New York Times* that I am reprinting it, with his permission, here:

> I am grateful for *The New York Times* editorial on "trial by character assassination." Certainly we must stiffen every measure of security to protect our country, because we and our United Nations allies are fighting a hot war. But is our national security to be in the hands of self-constituted vigilante committees and purse-timid businessmen? If this is to be so, then there is no security for the individual citizen.
>
> The discharge of Jean Muir by the panicky heads of General Foods because of an organized campaign of protest by uninformed zealots is a shocking surrender in the cold war. It is as derelict a retreat from the ramparts of American tradition as would be a frightened surrender of our troops at the front because of an unsubstantiated rumor.
>
> I use the words uninformed and unsubstantiated with reason. The basis of the charges against Miss Muir is the appearance of her name in a book called "Red Channels." In that same book appear the names of William L. Shirer, Marc Connelly, and Irwin Shaw. I would be proud to have my name on any list containing the names of those three.
>
> Those behind this campaign of accusation are accepting the vicious Communist doctrine that the end justifies the means. They are using Russian methods: to accuse is enough. Then let the frightened businessman carry on the purge and send the victim to the Siberia of unemployment.
>
> Those whose names appear in "Red Channels" have been generously given a chance of clearing their names. Messrs. Shirer, Connelly, and Shaw can appear before its publisher and convince him that they are indeed loyal Americans. The innocent can thus attempt to prove his innocence before a self-appointed, prejudiced judge who presumes to speak for the American people.
>
> Because the Communists are without any standards of honesty or code of honor must Americans abandon their standards of decency and their moral code? Have we already surrendered to the enemy?

This column is written almost two weeks before it appears in print. By the time you read this the General Foods directors, who, I am sure, acted originally only because they thought it was good business, without regard to the larger implications of their move, may well have taken steps to get off the very exposed limb on which they now dangle. If not, this is one time when you personally can get into the act. It was your disfavor they feared in the first place. Write to them in no uncertain terms and tell them where you stand. I know one stockholder of the corporation (with 1,500 shares of common stock) who spent a whole evening framing a letter of protest. It was a beaut! . . .

SOME OF THE EARLY FALL books are designed to turn our minds to the lighter side of life, and they accomplish their purpose admirably. I recommended to your attention last week Robert Lewis Taylor's "Professor Fodorski" (Doubleday). Its high spot chronicles the mishap that blighted the good refugee analyst's debut as director of the band of the Southern Baptist Institute of Technology before 92,000 enthralled spectators. Fodorski had worked out a complicated maneuver for deploying his operatives across the greensward to spell out a huge "S.B.I.T." They swung into action with the precision of marines, but, un-

fortunately, the befuddled leader of the group assigned to the letter "B" thought the signal called for an advertisement of the following week's contest—with "O-H-I-O." The result, while not S.B.I.T., was close enough, notes Taylor in a masterpiece of understatement, "to cause quite a stir." . . . There's some mighty fine "escape" reading, too, in W. Stanley Moss's "Ill Met by Moonlight" (Macmillan), which tells how two British enthusiasts, in the best tradition of Hollywood, calmly kidnapped a Nazi general in Crete during World War II and carted him off, spluttering with impotent rage, to Cairo. Gourmets along the home front may suffer a few stomach revolutions at the disclosure that the great delicacy among the Cretan islanders is goats' eyeballs. Moss says they are usually passed around on the tip of a hunting knife, devoured with great smackings of satisfaction, and then washed down with a draught of raki—a fiery brew that makes Tennes-

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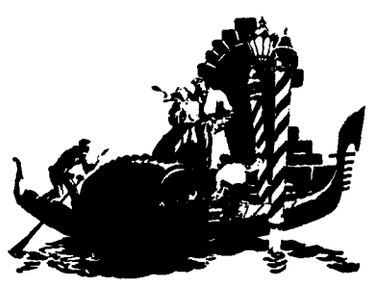

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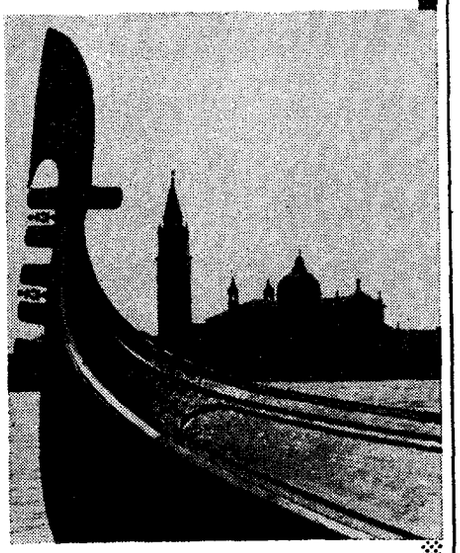

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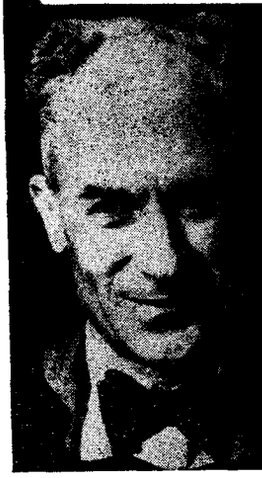

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see moonshine taste like soda pop by comparison. Ugh! . . .

AND HERE'S A STORY illustrating Senatorial vagaries that is served up by Bob Allen and William V. Shannon in "The Truman Merry-Go-Round" (Vanguard). A Senator from South Carolina had made up his mind to vote for the Marshall Plan. He asked his staff assistant to prepare a speech supporting the plan, but including various arguments against it to prove to his constituents that he had gravely weighed every angle. When the count was taken the Senator voted against the plan! His assistant queried him about this and the Senator replied, "When I was reading the speech into the Congressional Record and came to the part listing all the objections to the plan, I was deeply impressed. In fact, your arguments were so good I couldn't help but go along with them. So I voted no." Allen and Shannon added, "This is the first objective evidence we have that Senators listen to their own speeches."

—BENNETT CERF.

Yesterday and Today

Harriet Gray Blackwell

PITY the child who does not know
That the ice-man's saw leaves summer snow,
And who has never tried to make
A horsehair turn into a snake,
Or left crossed pins on the railroad track
For scissors he found when he went back.

Be kind to the child who does not know
The beauty of fireflies' bottled glow,
Or the hum of a June bug tied with a string
That was part of every fragrant spring,
Or Nick, who slipped a coconut flag
With three bananas in every bag.

Pity the child who only knows
How fast his electric model goes.
He has missed gay shoe-box trolley cars
With windows cut like the moon and stars,
And his bored young eyes hold little fire
For *things* have left him without desire.

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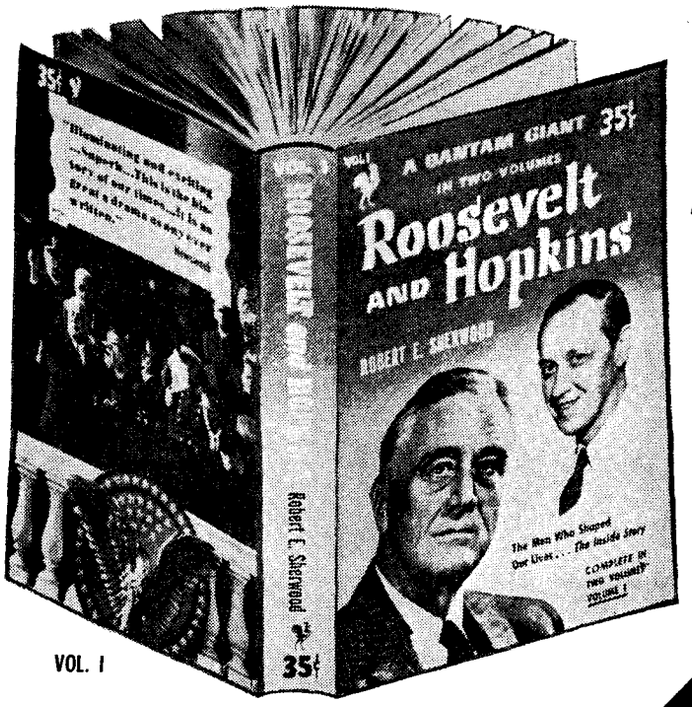
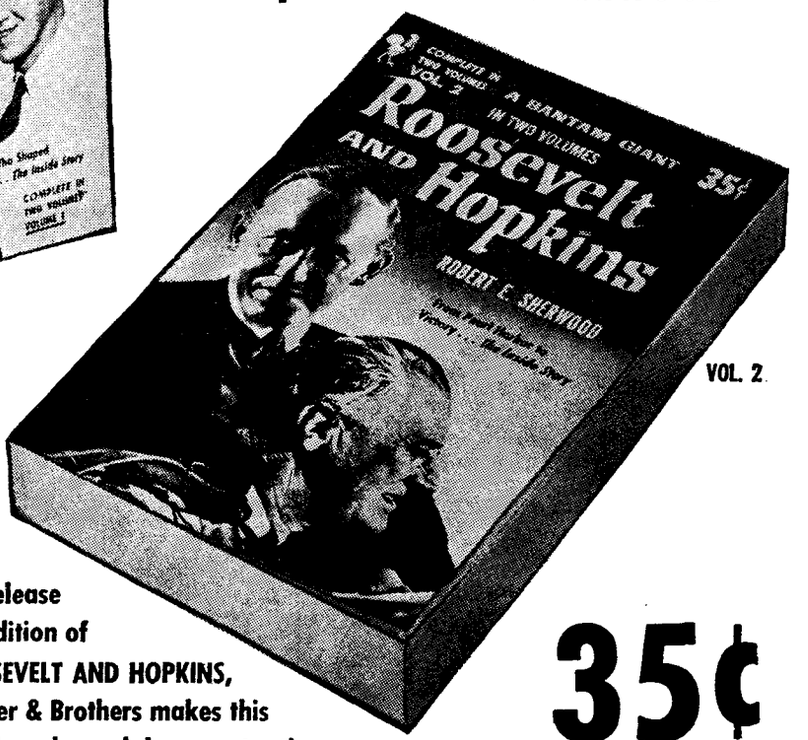


VOL. 1

Roosevelt AND Hopkins

by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



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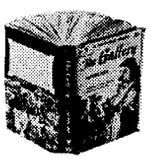
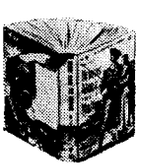


First released in June, the GIANTS make it possible to publish long books, complete and unabridged. **THE GALLERY** by John Horne Burns, sold six copies out of every ten distributed, during its first ten days.

Readers prefer to pay a few cents more for the whole "long" book—rather than some truncated version at 25c. They bought Ira Wolfert's lesser known novel "Tuckers' People," retitled **THE UNDERWORLD**, so fast that an immediate reprinting was necessary.



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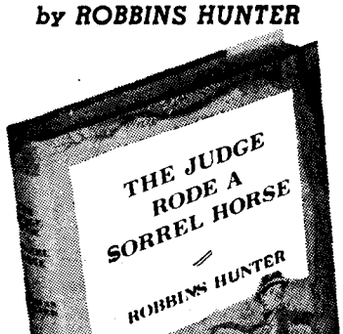
by ROBBINS HUNTER



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A COLUMN OF OUR OWN

A. A. MILNE'S A TABLE NEAR THE BAND continues to sell as fast as we can print it, and we believe that its immediate success can be attributed in some measure to the reviews it has been receiving. The *Christian Science Monitor* asks, "Exactly what is it that makes so many of us like A. A. Milne?" and decides that it is a rare combination of virtues and graces. The *Miami Herald* states flatly that "Milne never does anything badly. He is a perfectionist." The *Bridgeport Sunday Post* declares that A TABLE NEAR THE BAND is "the best bedside volume we've found in a long time," and Joseph Henry Jackson, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, recommends it as "an ideal way to pass time when you'd like to pick up a book but don't feel of a mind to cope with anything serious."

OF COURSE, word of mouth enters into the picture, too. We are assured that booksellers are recommending it with complete confidence to their customers — all of whom read the first story and immediately become missionaries for Mr. Milne.

CHAPTER twenty-three of YOUNG MAN OF PARIS is a hymn of praise to the city of Paris. It is an ode, a spontaneous, impassioned utterance, that will strike an immediate response in anyone who loves that city. "I could take it apart stone by stone and set it up again elsewhere," writes Mr. Calet. "Paris of all twelve months of the year, of the many changes, Paris of the four seasons, my pocket Paris, my everyday Paris . . . Paris at a bird's eye view, Paris as the crow flies . . . Paris in a song, Paris with a rainbow on her shoulder, Paris with a hundred thousand pipes . . . Paris blue with frost, Paris rose-color and transparent . . . Paris asweat, Paris in the snow . . . Paris in her bridal veil, Paris in an evening gown, Paris adorned with her stars, Paris in a simple day dress, Paris muffled in her scarves of mist . . . Paris poor, abandoned, uninhab ted, blacked out, bombarded . . . Paris rich, Paris with all her banners streaming in the wind . . .

"I HAVE worn this city as a headdress; I have worn this city as a shoe of perfect fit; this city is made to order for my figure. Ours is an intimacy with not one secret left between us. It is a life and death affair between us, life for Paris, death for me."

WE WERE talking with Robbins Hunter, author of THE JUDGE RODE A SORREL HORSE, that nostalgic nineteenth century memoir of his father, and of life in Newark, Ohio, and he told us that when he gave one of the presentation copies of his book to a rather crotchety relative, she glanced at the publisher's imprint and exclaimed, "Well! I presume that anything that *Dutton* publishes is *very* readable!"

QUITE true. And another readable book that comes instantly to mind is DAUGHTER OF STRANGERS. It is a magnificent example of story-telling, and we predict that Charlotte Le Jeune, who dominates all 384 pages of it, will be the season's most popular heroine. E.P.D.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

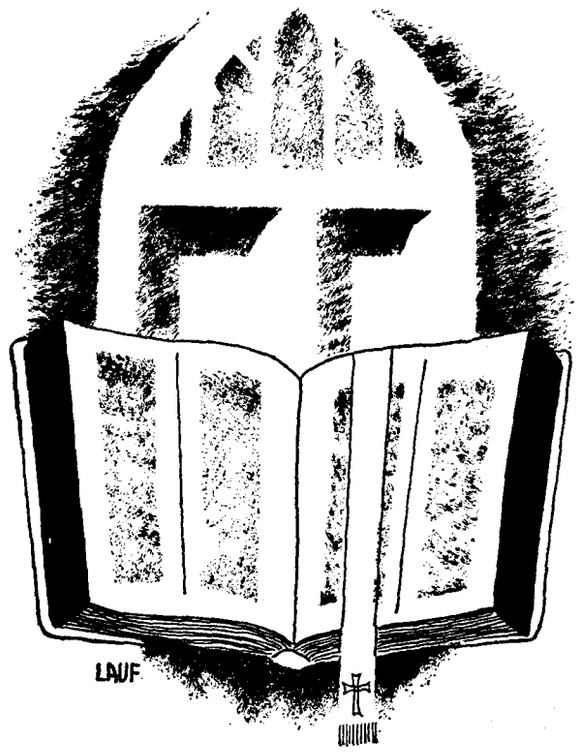
Church vs. Christianity

FREDERICK KELLER STAMM

I WAS sitting at lunch with Joseph Fort Newton just a few months before he died, and we fell to talking about Abraham Lincoln. Newton knew Lincoln lore, and I can still see his eyes shining as he talked about him. Somewhere in the conversation I said that Lincoln had the purest religion since Jesus of Nazareth. "Yes," he replied, "he had. But the church won't take his religion." The early biographers of Lincoln called him an atheist. But as time went on men began to know better. He was not a church member, but I have yet to hear a preacher rash enough to say that Lincoln was not a Christian. Still, as Newton said, "The church won't take his religion." It was simple enough, for it turned around the words of Jesus: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Lincoln said that if he could find a church that would put those words above its door, that church he would join. He would doubtless have the same difficulty today in finding a church with such a central theme.

Carl Sandburg portrays Lincoln's religion set over against the religion of the church. In January 1865 a Cabinet meeting was called at which Lincoln proposed that the President be empowered to pay four hundred million dollars to various Southern states for the slaves, to rehabilitate the South, and thus bring the war to a close. He hoped to have this approved by the Cabinet and then sent to the Congress. When someone asked how long the war would last, no one answered, so the President took it on himself: "A hundred days. We are spending now in carrying on the war three millions a day, which will amount to all this money, besides the lives." Then with a sigh he added, "But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message." "Not one," says Sandburg, "ranged himself alongside the President in one of the boldest constructive proposals he had ever laid before them. *All were Christian churchmen*, though each one withheld himself from joining Lincoln in an act for which an argument could be made that it was laden and shining with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount." Seward called it a "scheme," and Wells said, "The Rebels would misconstrue it if the offer were made. If attempted and defeated it would do harm."

All this sounds modern. They were thinking of Washington and Congress and politics; he was thinking of the great everyday masses of people, North and South. It was a simple religion that Lincoln had, so simple that the churchmen could not take it. For it requires a deal of spiritual insight and a boundless faith in God to enable a man to cut through the political machinations and the theological entanglements by which men have obscured the face of God and retarded the workings of the free spirit of Jesus Christ.



EVER since I was a boy I have wondered why religion was couched in such terms as to make it almost impossible for the plain man to understand. My contacts through the years with age and youth alike, and the thousands of letters received from my radio audience over the past two decades, convince me that religion as taught and preached in the church offers little to challenge the individual to explore his own world, to find out the ways of life, what life is for, and what God has to do with him. It has told people what they must do and what the consequences will be if they do not do it. It has done little to tell them about the wholeness of life and what it is to find one's self in God and in an affectionate and passionate interest in the needs of others.

The theologian decries the inadequacy of humanism, and I am willing to go along with him in doing this, because I do not want a God who has been pushed so far back into the mystery of time and space that one can no longer find him. I don't want to make a virtue of throwing myself back on my own resources. I need a God to sail my ship for me, else I'll find myself floundering about in an unfathomable sea of despair and cynicism. Nor do I want a religion that is only an ethic with no substance of belief in Christian faith. It is not enough to say, "All ye are

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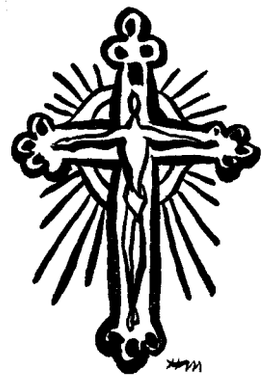
brethren." Too many moral failures have been found along that path. We need to have the full statement: "One is your Father, and all ye are brethren."

On the other hand, I do not want a religion that substitues a creed for a life, a theology about God for an experience in God, and a ritual for a faith. I do not want a religion that wraps God around with definitions to the point where religious groups become bitter, dogmatic, and bigoted. If there is one reason why organized religion is not geared to the demands of the day, it is because it is bound and paralyzed by certain familiarities, things that seem important by their repetition, but which never really meet the needs of the human soul or the perplexities of the world. I like to think of the Christian faith as cherishing the hope of "a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness." But that will come only when a mature man discards his infantile emotions and develops a faith mature enough to do battle with the growing secularism; it must be a faith strong enough not to fear changes, strong enough to put a growing God into a growing world.



I WANT a religion that is bold enough to take the grave clothing off Jesus and set Him down in our world where men and nations can take a good look at Him without having to work through a lot of theological implications. He had a certain way of thinking and He lived a certain kind of life. He was a child before He was a man. "He grew in wisdom and in stature." He was neither an ascetic saint nor a superman. He was born in a manger. His family was poor. His parents were hounded out of the country, refugees until they could find a safe place for the Child. When He grew to be a man He was so urgent about what He had to say that His own family accused Him of insanity. He was persecuted by those who should have been His friends, and one day the authorities put Him to death on a cruel cross. He could have escaped the cross had He compromised with the politics of the state and the corruption of the church. But He preferred to identify Himself with the sighs and griefs of the common people. He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." But He never pitied Himself. He achieved an attitude of detachment. Life to Him was more than meat, and the body more than raiment. He was not dependent on what He could draw from the outside, but on what He could develop from within of unselfish and loving service. His business was finding out His Father's will and finishing His work. From the things He found in His own experience through great travail and pain, He said, "These things I have spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." He said also on the eve of the blackest day in history, "Let not your heart be troubled." Somehow He achieved. "And He has given us an example that we should follow in His steps." I do not know how many people there are who follow blindly whatever religion they have been taught since childhood. Judging from the number of people I have met of that kind in and out of the church, and the many strange religious programs carried over the radio, there must be many of them. I am sure, however, that some of them feel no real satisfaction and would like to escape from it if they knew the way. But they are gripped by fear lest what they are taught may be right, and if they do not follow they will find themselves lost souls at the last.

What to do about the others I do not know. Perhaps they come under the category described by William H. Sheldon in "Psychology and the Promethean Will." That book revealed to me why it is so difficult to get a "pure and undefiled religion" into the minds and hearts of multitudes of people who sit in our churches of a Sunday morning. He speaks of many adults as "dying back of the brain." "The days of youth teem with fragments of living knowledge; with daring philosophies; moving dreams; plans. But the human mind at forty is commonly vulgar, smug, deadened, and wastes its hours. Everywhere adult brains seem to resemble blighted trees that have died in the upper branches, but yet cling to a struggling green wisp of life about the lower trunk." Speaking to thousands of college students over these years, and to the forty-year-olds in my church, I have warned them against the danger of "dying back of the brain." I have watched, as Sheldon goes on to say, "the childish years as emerging minds take hold of the world with eager exhilaration; the mental flame burning brightly through early youth; flickering a little at about the time of college; then at last standing by helplessly while the young man struggles in little fits and starts as if caught in the grip of an unseen suffocating force, only to die back in the end to the dull smudge of a coal that did not catch. . . . This is the tragedy of the waste of the brain."

I could never quite bring myself to believe that the situation is as hopeless as it seems. There is no fated road to adult dulness, but the despairing fact is that among the people in our churches there are so few whose minds are open to anything that smacks of a vital religious faith. If they ever had any insight it has been lost in the narrow concepts of institutionalized religion. The religion they have is little more than outmoded ceremonial, and their beliefs border on the superstitious; they do not want to find their life in losing it. We no longer crucify Jesus on a lonely tree outside a city wall. We just crucify His ideas concerning the meaning and end of life.

I do not know either how many there are who find an hour of worship and the quiet, honest, and sincere presentation of a truth anything but dull and wooden. Judging from the crowds that assemble in churches where there is a stunt-performing preacher, and where the atmosphere is charged with the bizarre, the bright, and breezy, there must be a great many of them. What to do with them I do not know, except to allow them to enjoy this orgy of sweetness and light. The world will never be made better by the people who can never grow to the full stature of men and women in religion, because it is *childishness* rather than *childlikeness*; nor by the folk who delight only in the ephemeral, the bright, the breezy in church.

When Jesus was here He saw the hard soil, the thorny and the shallow soil. He saw the good soil, too, and knowing there was good soil He was careful of the kind of seed he would sow.

I AM thinking, as I set down these words, of the good soil, of the large number of people who go seeking for reality. No cause, much less religion, can hope for long to hold the allegiance of the thoughtful, if it makes light of the essential notes of sternness and urgency. There are vast numbers of people—many of them who never darken the doors of a church—who require something strong and manifestly sincere; something that is charitable in content, a religion expressed in terms to be understood, and in the end a religion that is merciful.

Sunday morning could be a rich experience. When the church bells ring people are preparing to go to church. They come from farms, villages, and city streets. For once in the week rich and poor alike must meet

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Tales of Valor.

He who would read of courage in the face of danger need not necessarily turn to accounts from past centuries. Many examples of intrepidity in our own times are offered in William R. Irwin's "Challenge," an anthology of mountaineering published earlier this year. Now in Thor Heyerdahl's "Kon-Tiki" we have a superbly written odyssey of six young men who crossed 4,100 miles of Pacific waste from Peru to Polynesia only three years ago (see page 12). It is one of the merits of General Robert Eichelberger's "Our Jungle Road to Tokyo" (reviewed below) that this account of World War II fighting in New Guinea is peppered with examples of the bravery and resourcefulness manifested by soldiers of all ranks. Readers who seek stories of courage in other centuries will find them in "Sea Road to the Indies," a history of Portuguese exploration, and in several volumes briefly noted here.

32nd Division of the Buna Ordeal

OUR JUNGLE ROAD TO TOKYO. *By Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger in collaboration with Milton MacKaye. New York: The Viking Press.* 320 *pp.* $4.50.

By Brig. Gen. Donald Armstrong

BUNA is on the Southeast coast of New Guinea, and in the swamps and jungles surrounding that isolated village the Ground Forces of the U. S. Army commenced their march to Tokyo. In the beginning there was little or nothing to suggest ultimate victory, but three years and many campaigns later the same 32nd Division of the Buna ordeal was on hand to receive General Yamashita's surrender in the Philippines.

As in all our wars, the initial fighting in New Guinea was a bitterly discouraging experience for the officers and men involved. Their leader was General Robert L. Eichelberger, a classmate of General Patton's at West Point. Alongside his men and often only a few yards from the enemy he devised as effective tactics for swamp and jungle warfare as his classmate developed for armored divisions on the battlefields of Europe.

With the help of Milton MacKaye, General Eichelberger tells his story skilfully and with great modesty. The general had been extensively trained for his responsibilities in all the essential Army schools, although his experience in the First World War had not included actual combat. In that war he had been slated to go to France, but instead he ended up in Siberia as assistant chief of staff of General Graves's forces. No wonder when his orders to report to General MacArthur in Australia were announced his wife remarked, "When there is a war you always seem to go to the queerest places." It would be hard to find any place in the world queerer than New Guinea.

This peripheral theatre of operations in those early days was a gloomy spot for the military leaders, as well as for the doughboys. Men and supplies were lacking. The jungle and insect-borne diseases were as grievous foes as the Japanese. Furthermore, the men were inadequately trained for this kind of fighting and sometimes poorly led. It was at that time that General MacArthur turned to Eichelberger "with the memory of Bataan in his eyes and a bitter query on his lips: 'Must I always,' he demanded, 'lead a forlorn hope?' " Nevertheless, Buna ended at length in victory that gave the American soldier confidence in his ability to defeat the Japanese in battle and quite evidently a profound respect for his commanding general. General Eichelberger's leadership was of paramount importance in this successful outcome.

The successive campaigns in which General Eichelberger's Ground Forces participated were all combined operations in which the Navy and Air Forces played important roles. These services are generously applauded for their share in the victorious campaigns, but General Eichelberger's purpose is to tell the story of his own men and to do justice to their exploits. With a minimum of technical military jargon, he describes the landing operations and the battles that inexorably overwhelmed the hard-fighting Japanese. The reader will find the narrative enlivened by repeated references to courageous and resourceful soldiers of all ranks and to small units such as companies and regiments. Unlike many memoirs of top command-

THE AUTHOR: When Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger took command of the Eighth Army in the Pacific he had been disenchanted with the Nipponese from way back to 1918-20, when he was detailed to Siberia, as assistant chief of staff heading military intelligence, to cooperate with other Allies in maintaining order. With "no particular credit" to the British and French, "the Japanese High Command," he recalls, "managed to achieve for itself a record of complete perfidy." A record subsequently annotated by observations on the General Staff in Japan, the Philippines, China, and Washington. The Thursday before Pearl Harbor, speaking before an Ohio State alumni banquet, Eichelberger did, in fact, predict the Japanese assault. Shortly thereafter he asked for his release from West Point, where, as superintendent since 1940, he had toughened the training program and football team (and no apologies for the latter enthusiasm either). "I was fifty-five years old, but I felt I would be useful to my country in a combat assignment." Covering the entire axis from Australia to Japan, he led the "Amphibious Eighth" on fifty-two landings in the Philippine campaign alone, ultimately liberating the Islands. "No Army of this war," said MacArthur, "has achieved greater glory and distinction than the Eighth," which the Supreme Commander chose to wedge the invasion of Japan. At Buna Eichelberger directed American troops in the first ground defeat of the Imperial Army. In the victory of Sanananda he headed a joint Australian-American Army corps. On August 30, 1945, with a small detachment from the 11th Airborne Division, he landed at Atsugi Air Field—considered one of the most daring gambles in history—and the Occupation was under way, an Occupation that many regard as almost miraculous. "There are ampler ways of making a living than a military career," reflects retired General Eichelberger, "but I guess it must have its satisfactions." —R. G.

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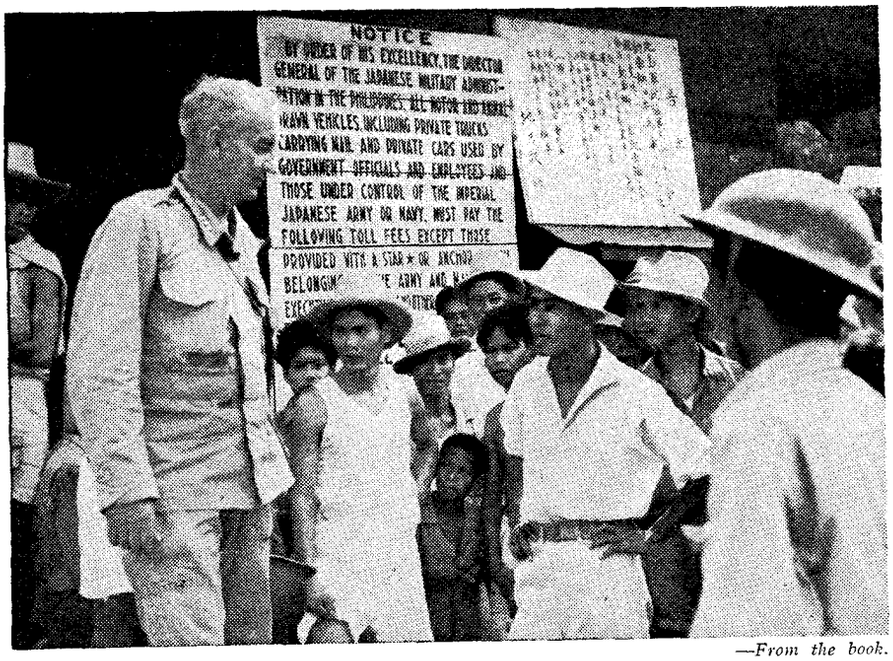

—*From the book.*

General Eichelberger talks with Filipinos on Luzon after the liberation.

—*U. S. Navy.*

U. S. Marine comforts Pacific islander . . . tree camouflages searchlight on New Guinea.

ers, General Eichelberger's story is as close to the agony of combat as the General so often was himself.

General Eichelberger comments rarely on questions of grand strategy or on the political objectives of the war in the Pacific. His views on the use of the atomic bomb, however, are of particular interest. Only a few months ago, in his memoirs, Admiral Leahy deprecated dropping the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki as a barbarous and unnecessary act of "uncivilized warfare." General Eichelberger, who had been named to head the actual invasion of Japan, has a different opinion. Looking down from his airplane as it flew over surrendered Japan, he recalls:

> There below us now was the Kanto Plain, across which—save for the dropping of the atomic bomb—I would have marched my men in an operation which could have been nothing less than a direct assault. In that rolling land of streams and cross-ridges and tunnels, garrisoned by fierce and undefeated soldiers defending their homeland, our casualties could not have been less than 100,000 men.

The American Army of Occupation in Japan was under General Eichelberger's command. His commentary on the Japanese people and their economy and his estimate of the Communist thrust from within and without that country are illuminating and valuable contributions to these personal memoirs, that combine new information for the military historian with unusual readability for the layman.

4,100 Miles on a Raft

KON-TIKI. By Thor Heyerdahl. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co. 304 pp. $4.

By James A. Michener

IN 1937 a twenty-three-old Norwegian scientist stood on a lonely beach in the Marquesas and caught the first glimmer of a scientific theory which was to make him world famous. Looking eastward from his mysterious islands he reasoned that 4,000 miles across open ocean lay Peru, from which a constant current set westward to Polynesia, and from this meager beginning he began to develop the belief that ancient Peruvians, drifting on huge rafts of balsa logs, could have populated Polynesia. It was no longer necessary to suppose that Asiatics had bucked the inexorable currents all the way from the coasts of Malaysia.

Ten years later Heyerdahl and five young companions arrived at Callao, Peru, and built the raft *Kon-Tiki* out of nine huge balsa logs, and on it they drifted 4,100 miles across the Pacific, wrecking their raft at last upon a Polynesian reef and proving without question that Peruvians could have settled the magic islands.

The narrative of this odyssey is a thrilling sea story that will be enjoyed by almost any reader. The hero of "Kon-Tiki" is the Pacific Ocean. Its vast, surging waters enchant the reader. Its strange creatures tantalize him. Its perils make him shiver. At dusk the men of *Kon-Tiki* leave their raft to paddle about in a small dinghy, but the current relentlessly draws the lumbering raft along, so that only by extraordinary effort can they overtake it. "'Once overboard always overboard' was a lesson that was gradually branded into our consciousness. If we wanted to go with the rest, we must hang on till the *Kon-Tiki* ran her bow against land on the other side."

The raftsmen came to know and love the great ocean as few have ever done. They studied the dolphins, swam among the remora sucker fish, and dived beneath the raft to watch the strange fish that drifted along with them. For sport they caught sharks by the tail.

> To get hold of a shark we first had to give it a real tidbit. . . . When it turned quietly to go under again, its tail flickered up above the surface and was easy to grasp. The shark's skin was just like sandpaper to hold on to, and inside the upper joint of its tail there was an indentation which might have been made solely to allow of a good grip. If we once got a firm grasp there,

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there was no chance of our grip's not holding. Then we had to give a jerk, before the shark could collect itself, and get as much as possible of the tail pulled in tight over the logs. . . . After a few desperate jerks, during which we had to keep a tight hold of the tail, the surprised shark became quite crestfallen and apathetic . . . and at last completely paralyzed.

For 101 days the raftsmen ploughed westward through storms and doldrums and starry nights. They came to know every mood of the ocean and wrested away many secrets. They discovered the furiously ugly snake mackerel, which no white men had ever before seen. They proved that the cuttlefish, by thrusting water through vents, could emerge rocket-like from the sea and glide across the tips of waves. More important, they found that with sievelike nets they could harvest plankton and survive on the myriad microscopic animals that comprise this sea crop. "In good plankton waters there are thousands in a glassful. . . . Some day in the future, perhaps, men will think of harvesting plankton from the sea to the same extent as now they harvest grain on land. A single grain is of no use, either, but in large quantities it becomes food. . . . Plankton tasted like shrimp paste, lobster, or crab. If it was mostly deep-sea ova, it tasted like caviar and now and then like oysters."

"Kon-Tiki" stands alone as an account of what an ocean is really like, but it does not prove Heyerdahl's thesis that Polynesia was settled by Peruvians. In brilliant passages the author marshals his evidence. South Sea coconuts came probably from South America and could have survived such a journey only if carried on some kind of craft. The sweet potato is known to have originated in South America, where it was called *kumara*, yet it is found in Polynesia, where it is also known as *kumara*. Easter Island, probably the most mysterious spot on earth, with statues and runic tablets no one has yet been able to explain, bore ancient names relating it to Peru. The Polynesian god Tiki is the same as the Peruvian god Kon-Tiki. Monolithic stone images in Polynesia are similar to jungle-hidden monoliths in Peru. And, since Heyerdahl's epic trip, it is known that balsa-log rafts could have ridden the currents from Peru to Polynesia.

Nevertheless, the weight of evidence remains heavily in favor of an Asiatic origin. Linguistically, ethnologically, and culturally the Polynesian appears to be of Asiatic descent. Myths of the race speak of eastward sailings, and one of the most indelibly characteristic features of any Polynesian island is the keeled canoe that can sail against the wind. We know from verbal records that about a thousand years ago Polynesians ventured along the ocean currents from Tahiti to New Zealand. But they went in canoes, not rafts. The names and dimensions of the canoes are known, as are the names of some of the paddlers. But what is more important, the first canoes then sailed back home smack against the currents. And to cap it all, the navigators left directions for sailing either with or against the wind between Tahiti and New Zealand.

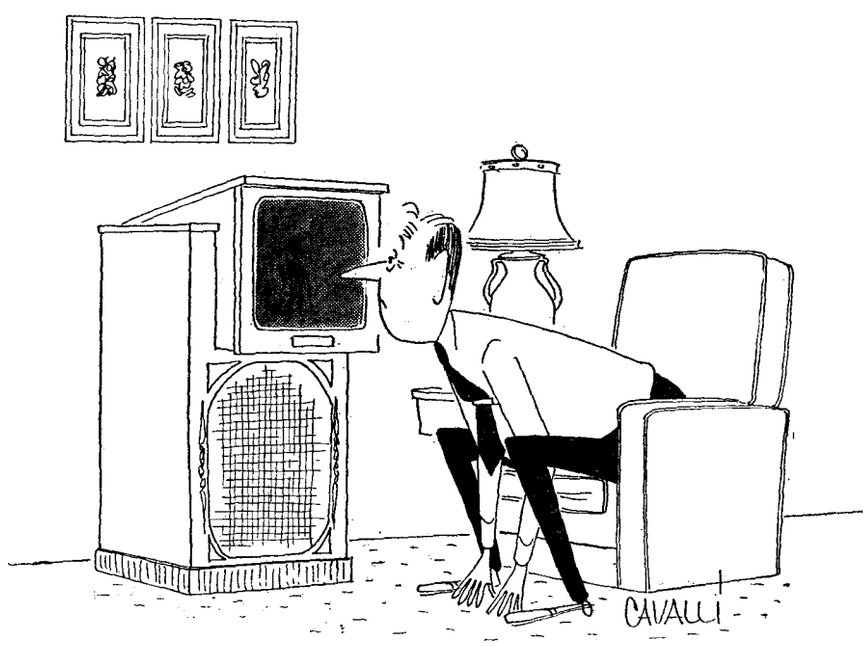
As for the two great mysteries of the South Pacific, Easter Island and the sweet potato, Heyerdahl's Peruvian theory does nothing to expedite our deciphering of the runic tablets, possibly the most infuriating block in all archeology. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt that the kumara was introduced from Peru, but the great Polynesian expert Sir Peter Buck points out that a people which could demonstrably sail from New Zealand to Tahiti could have just as easily sailed from Tahiti to Peru and drifted merrily home with sweet potatoes.

My own conclusion is that Polynesians arrived in these islands from Asia. It is possible that the original inhabitants of Easter Island, whom ancient records describe as having been exterminated by Polynesian invaders about the year 1100, had drifted there from Peru, bringing with them the sweet potato. I am frankly suspicious of some of Heyerdahl's science, as when he says, "There were cases in which an island was named after the star which culminated over it night after night and year after year." That, of course, is an astronomical absurdity, for in Polynesian latitudes a given star would culminate during night hours less than 176 days in any one year.

A final question remains. Is "Kon-Tiki" a masterpiece of the first order? Is it "as good as Conrad at his best?" No. Such claims are presumptuous. Masterpieces of the sea have invariably dealt with human beings in relationship to nature. The six brave men aboard the *Kon-Tiki* are never portrayed as anything but wooden, one-dimensional figurines. There is no growth, no conflict, little awareness, only awkward humor. The fault is understandable and excusable. Thor Heyerdahl is a superb adventurer, not a great writer. Phrases like this appear repeatedly: "Little did those on board realize that a real Inca raft lay close to them." In fact, the first ninety-two pages of this book and the last ten are downright dull.

But Heyerdahl's limitations as a writer are forgotten once the nine balsa logs, held together only by ropes, finally reach the timeless Humboldt Current. The book then becomes a vivid account of sea and raft and great arching sky. More than that, this is a book to make one proud that we still have in the world six young men who would venture upon the ocean on a raft, merely to prove an idea. It is good to know that such courage still exists.

James A. Michener knows the Pacific from personal experience, and wrote about it in "Tales from the South Pacific."



"It gives you a queer feeling knowing you're the first human to enter this newly unearthed cavern since some prehistoric caveman made his home here long ago! I hope you folks looking on at home are getting as big a thrill out of all this as I am. . . ."

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Life & Times of Dom Vasco da Gama

SEA ROAD TO THE INDIES. By Henry H. Hart. New York: The Macmillan Co. 296 pp. $4.50.

By Robert G. Albion

THIS study of the initial bold and brutal impact of Western Europe upon the Orient is particularly timely with the Asiatic world in its present turmoil. Its scope is indicated by its subtitle: "An Account of the Voyages and Exploits of the Portuguese Navigators, Together with the Life and Times of Dom Vasco da Gama. . . ."

An adequate, up-to-date account of Gama, as the author calls him, and of Portuguese exploration in general fills a long-felt need in that field, as anyone who has tried to find readings for courses in maritime and colonial history will appreciate.

Although not in the same class with Morison's "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," this story of Portuguese explorations at the time of Columbus is very well done in an interesting and authoritative manner. It might profitably be read as a companion piece to the Morison classic. Hart did not follow Morison's example in actually sailing the course of his hero, but he visited many of the spots in Portugal, Africa, and India that come into the story. He has a command of numerous languages, and his thorough research adds much to what was already known. He has a rich background in oriental culture and affairs, and, finally, his biography of Marco Polo was a most appropriate background preparation for this study.

Though Gama is the central figure of the story, the whole development of Portuguese exploration is sketched in briefly from the time when Prince Henry the Navigator around 1415 initiated the efforts to explore the sea route to India that finally took Gama to Calicut in 1498. One of the most interesting features outside the Gama story proper is the account of the mission of Pero de Covilhan. He was sent in disguise by King John II by way of Egypt and Aden to scout out the conditions in the Indian seaports during the very months of 1487-88 when Bartholomeu Dias was demonstrating the feasibility of the sea route by first rounding the Cape of Good Hope. The author might have pointed up more strongly the reasons why Portugal then waited more than eight years to follow up that Dias voyage, while Columbus in the meantime was discovering America for Spain. Hart does mention the death of John II and other contributing factors, but the causes of the delay still mystify.

It is more evident than ever why Gama ranks with Columbus and Magellan as one of the "big three" of ocean exploration around 1500. He emerges from this story, however, as a far less attractive and appealing figure than Columbus. The Genoese had a new and original idea which he had to "sell" to some backer; Gama was suddenly selected, quite to his

—From the book jacket.

Vasco da Gama—"ruthlessness . . . cruelty."

surprise, to carry through a royal policy that had been pursued for more than seventy years. If the honors for initiative go to Columbus, however, strong claims are made for Gama's outstanding achievements as a navigator. He boldly abandoned the previous practice of hugging the African coast and struck out across the South Atlantic almost to Brazil to take advantage of winds that would enable him more easily to reach Good Hope. He was consequently out of sight of land much longer than Columbus, and his new route was so effective that it was employed throughout the age of sail. The two explorers differed also in the manner in which they managed the contacts in the new lands they discovered. Columbus died in disgrace after relatively ineffectual attempts as a colonial pioneer. Gama made more effective contacts that brought immediate profits to Portugal and himself. For many years to come his voyage had far more direct influence upon European overseas activity than did the discovery of America. Columbus failed in part because he was not enough of a hard-boiled realist; Gama's reputation was marred because he carried out his missions with an excess of ruthlessness and some frightful cruelty. He returned twice to India after his first great voyage of 1497-99, making his second trip in 1502-03. Then, after a long period ashore enjoying his rewards and striving for more, he returned once more as viceroy, to die in 1524. Hart well sums up Gama's virtues and faults, in addition to estimating the significance of his work.

Though this relatively short book does not leave room for much intimate detail, the author has managed to catch and portray well the atmosphere in which these events took place, not only afloat but also in the various communities in Portugal and in distant lands. There are occasions where he might have mentioned a bit more clearly some of the strategic implications so well analyzed by Admiral Ballard in his "Rulers of the Indian Ocean," but on the whole he has done remarkably well to compress so much into less than 300 very readable pages.

Robert G. Albion, professor of history at Harvard University, is author of "Forests and Sea Power" and other books.

Tales of Valor Notes

THE OLD OREGON COUNTRY: A History of Frontier Trade, Transportation, and Travel, by Oscar Osburn Winther. Stanford University Press. $7.50. If you lived north of the Columbia River in the mid-1840's and wanted to mail a letter, you had quite a problem. The nearest post office was at Weston, Missouri, 2,000 miles away. In 1851 coastal Oregon had a gold rush, and ten years later there was a more sizable strike in Eastern Oregon; one panner took out $6,000 in four days. But the bedrock of Oregon economy was the fur trade, plus a couple of subsidiary activities that gave promise—salmon and timber. What killed the fur trade was the settlers; with them came first roads and then railroads, and the fur-trapper went north, where it was too cold for crops of anything but otter and beaver, and there was no menace of stagecoach or steamboat, and no mules at $400 apiece. If you owned mules, you had to worry about poison horsetail rush—in a single month this ailment took off 500 animals in two camps. These details may give some idea of the down-to-earth fascination of this substantial treatise. Dr. Winther treats the development of Oregon as "a serious logistic problem"; he sees in that development "a saga of man against Nature; . . . a story of adventure, indomitable courage, endurance, and brilliant business in-

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genuity and enterprise." Dr. Winther's obvious enthusiasm for his subject (he is an Oregon boy now teaching at Indiana University) does not stand in the way of a solid and scholarly accomplishment.

A DANGEROUS JOURNEY: California 1849, *by J. Ross Browne. Arthur Lites Press, Palo Alto, Calif.* $5. In 1845 Irish-born J. Ross Browne became secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, and in 1849 he was appointed inspector of postal service on the Pacific Coast. He reached his destination just in time to become recording secretary of the California Constitutional Convention at Monterey and edited the report of the debates (his familiarity with Washington paper work came in handy). Some years later he contributed accounts of his adventures to *Harper's Monthly*, and in 1864 his travels were assembled in book form. The present narrative is a reprint of two *Harper's* articles, and sets forth the lively and occasionally harrowing details of a trip from San Francisco to San Luis Obispo. Browne established the post office at San Jose, and it is still possible to buy a money order there. He was one of the most alert reporters of the early California scene, and his spirited drawings, here reproduced in color, are in keeping with the graphic quality of his writing.

TWO CAPTAINS WEST: An Historical Tour of the Lewis and Clark Trail, by Albert and Jane Salisbury. Superior Publishing Company, Seattle. $7.50. This book is the fruit of an admirable idea admirably carried out. Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury and their three children, ranging from two to fourteen years, set out by car from St. Louis to follow the Lewis and Clark trail to the mouth of the Columbia. Two-year-old Joe held up the expedition at St. Joseph, Missouri, by having the measles; they waited until he cleared up and went on. This book, then, is a sound running account of the original trip (Lewis's and Clark's) based on familiar source material (the journals and John Bakeless's excellent narrative of 1947) followed, section by section, by a recital of the Salisburys' own adventures, followed in turn by notes on "How to Get There Now" (specific road directions, and so on). All this plus a stunning collection of photographs, largely by the Salisburys themselves, which bring the original expedition to vivid reality. It is as if Lewis and Clark had had a cameraman. This reviewer has always wondered why somebody didn't do exactly what the Salisburys have done. Well, here it is, *summa cum laude*. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Fiction. *Although it is the short story that attracts most beginning writers, that form holds small allure for publishers. The reason is purely economic: short-story collections rarely sell well, and the few that do are almost always by writers who have won followings as novelists. Thus the number of short-story volumes being published this season is extraordinary. As one would expect, their authors are all well established: Liam O'Flaherty, William Faulkner, Conrad Aiken, and A. A. Milne, whose books have already been reviewed here. Coming up soon are volumes by Mark Van Doren, Henry James, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and Irwin Shaw. Only William Sansom's "South" (see page 16) is by an author as yet without a wide public. The best chance for new writers to achieve book publication is through such annual compilations as Martha Foley's* (SRL *July 26*) *and Herschel Brickell's (reviewed below).*

The Best According to Brickell

PRIZE STORIES OF 1950: *The O. Henry Awards. Selected and edited by Herschel Brickell. New York: Doubleday & Co. 352 pp.* $3.50.

By EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

THIS selection of the "Prize Stories of 1950" follows by a few months publication of Martha Foley's collection of "The Best American Short Stories, 1950." As usual the individual selections are very different: only two of the "prize" stories—Peggy Bennett's "Death Under the Hawthornes" and Speed Lamkin's "Comes a Day"—were also designated as "best," and only three other authors—Edward Newhouse, Clay Putnam, and Peter Taylor—are represented in both collections. Yet the collections are surprisingly similar in tone and feeling. And, to dispose of the obvious question, the "prize" stories appear, for the first time in this reviewer's memory, to be at least as good as the "best" stories, and the collection as a whole considerably more lively and diverse in scene and character if not in mood.

Here, too, the dominant preoccupation is with people in their moments of disillusionment and defeat, the notable exceptions being J. J. Salinger's charmingly written and deeply moving "For Esme—with Love and Squalor" and Wallace Stegner's highly

effective study of adolescence, "The Blue-winged Teal." Mr. Salinger, in addition to ending his story of a battle-fatigued soldier on a note of hope and recovery, also departs from current custom by introducing two captivating child characters who are neither neurotic nor unhappy. Mr. Stegner brings his young protagonist, Henry, through the depths of adolescent disillusionment to new understanding and the beginnings of maturity. In "Give My Love to Maggie" Lillian Van Ness permits her mother-obsessed hero to be reunited with his wife, but the note of hope here was, for me, somewhat muted by the persuasiveness with which the author had suggested the depth and strength of Pete Devon's neurotic entanglements.

All of the other authors take a decidedly more somber view of their characters' prospects. Mrs. Ketting, in Ann Chidester's expertly constructed "Mrs. Ketting and Clark Gable," is lost too deeply in the dream world of Hollywood problems ever to realize how irrevocably her son has become committed to a life of criminality. The three aging Southern ladies in Peter Taylor's "Their Losses" look out upon a world of death, insanity, and defeated hopes. Disappointment and decay are all that can be expected by the tenants of the Southern boarding-house in Gudger Bart Lieper's "The Magnolias." And Lois in Robert Lowry's "Be Nice to Mr. Campbell," divorced and trapped by the controlling demands of a possessive young son, retreats from life into the deftly hinted shadows of an Oedipus situation.

The mood of despair and defeat receives its most powerful presentation in Nelson Algren's brilliantly executed

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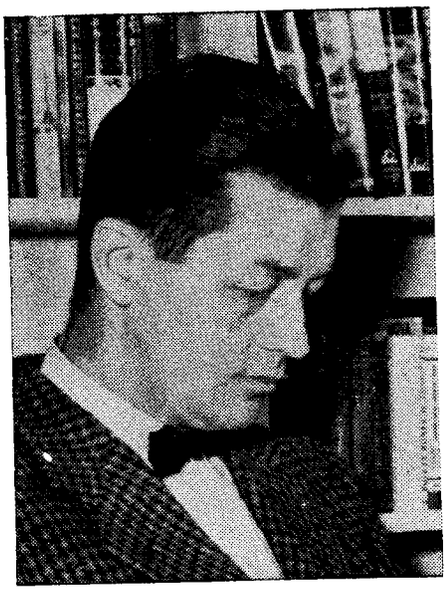
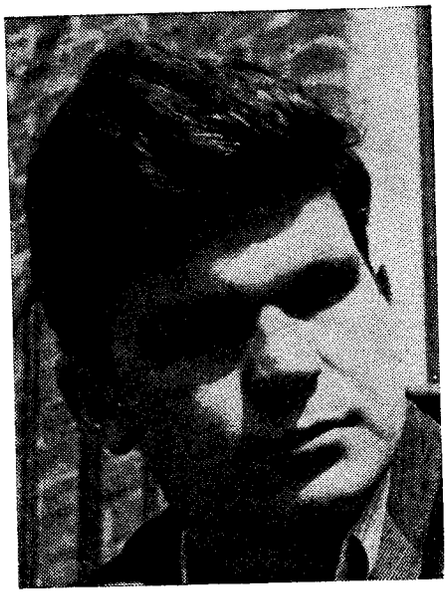


Wallace Stegner—"highly effective."

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Ann Chidester—"expertly constructed."



Robert Lowry—"deftly hinted shadows."

"The Captain Is Impaled," to my mind the finest story in the collection and, indeed, one of the best short stories of recent years. Mr. Algren uses a biting precision of style, a harshness of wit, and an ability to highlight the essentials in character through dramatic action and colorful dialogue, to etch a bitter, yet deeply perceptive, statement of the problems of guilt and responsibility in the jungle of modern society. His story alone would make notable a collection that is generally distinguished by skilled writing, sound plotting, and a real appreciation of character.

The generally high level of performance in this collection—and I can only mention that it also includes fine stories by Elizabeth Enright, Elizabeth Parsons, John Berry, and Susan Kuehn—calls for further comment. In past years the selections in this series have tended to be considerably less adventurous, more conservative, and more "popular" in form than those presented in Miss Foley's collections of "best" stories. Most of them came from the large circulation, commercially successful magazines; too many depended upon standard plot contrivance and "slick" writing rather than upon the solid development of real characters in real conflicts. The distinction as to source still holds: all but two of the twenty-three stories here presented come from well-established magazines with national circulation. But there the difference between this collection and Miss Foley's ceases. The writing is this year on as high a level, though the editors from whose magazines Mr. Brickell has selected evidently demand more precision in presentation and permit less vague allusiveness than do the little magazines. The characters are as fully realized, though—happily, it seems to this reader—Mr. Brickell has not found his authors as preoccupied as were Miss Foley's with the problems of childhood. The themes and the prevailing mood of defeatism are the same.

This last is not an unmixed blessing. Certainly other themes than defeat and despair await the attention of our serious writers. However, it is good to know that the readers of popular magazines are getting at least this much solid fare along with their conventional dosage of shallow optimism. Mr. Brickell's collection is a welcome demonstration that, to some extent at least, the more popular magazines are accepting the standards the little magazines struggled so long to establish. One could wish that the little magazines were giving equally encouraging evidence that, having won this victory, they were continuing to break new ground.

Fireworks in Italy

SOUTH. By William Sansom. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 198 pp. $2.75.

By Eudora Welty

"SOUTH" is the Mediterranean world. These are stories of Ajaccio, Nice, Naples, Monte Carlo, Florence, Siena, Milan.

First of all, Mr. Sansom, who takes joy and sustenance from the physical world, can communicate that world and that joy—no mean achievement. Here is the impact of the South on the sun-starved North, personified in Mr. Sansom with a notebook, for all this overwhelming detail—fresh, instant, exact, inhumanly brilliant—must have been put down on the spot, or Mr. Sansom is a wizard twice over.

This author in three books has already proved he can make you see, hear, taste, touch, and smell to his order: ride in a bus, put your head under water, anything he likes. Here you see the street dealers in Ajaccio: "one tall Senegalese walking slowly from restaurant to restaurant like a priest in his red fez, a single blue-black crayfish weaving its worried feelers from his purple-black hand." He leads you down boulevards "straight, leaf-shaded, with shop windows glinting darkly in the night of high noon" into "squares so spacious and beaten flat by years of the changeless, flowery sun." He shows you the trees on the Florentine hills "like darts thrown at random into the brown earth by a fond divinity." He can take you under water—there's "a hermit crab pouring out its soft body to pull the shell a labored inch along the floor." He can give you Monaco and a hangover at the same time: "The yellow extraordinary terraces broke over him with mad impact—this place could not be true! He felt as if small birds were pulling cotton strings from each side of his forehead, his head was expanding dangerously."

Mr. Sansom's descriptive power is a steady fireworks. Like fireworks, part of its necessity is contrivance, an occasional "set-piece." These are stories wholly evoked by places, limited by the evocation, and purposely so: "Aspects and Images" Mr. Sansom calls them on the title page. For the most part the "native" characters are personifications or figures in a landscape—they do not enjoy private lives apart from the purposes at hand and so are not very near us or quite animated. (But some of Mr. Sansom's animals—he has several for characters—could make you stand on a chair.) All but one of the stories take

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place in a public place—park, museum, casino, the square of a town—with a visitor as protagonist, more accurately as witness, for he seldom acts for other reasons than, ultimately, to sight-see. "Poseidon's Daughter," the exception, is told from within, but develops an analogy between incident and myth, and so once again the story appears at a remove.

In "Afternoon" two old Florentines feud back and forth between the Boboli Gardens and the Pitti Palace. In "Landscape with Figures" an escaped snake wanders into the Galleria Vittoria Emanuele in Milan, where he is charmed by one of those girl bands "in pajamas of viridian satin" playing outside a cafe. "Three Dogs of Siena"—highly amusing—concerns visitors, too, dog-sight-seers, confronted with the statue of the wolf-mother of Romulus and Remus.

The most highly developed story is "My Little Robins," for it is concerned more specifically with human situations and reveals aspects of people while it gives images of Ajaccio. It tells of the little dealers of the streets, specifically of one, tracked down—literally—by our observer; we see him morally, too: an odd sort who shoots robins for selling, one of "the breed of the loving hunter." "Here was the predatory esthete, a fine mind if a dark one"; "he faced up to the cruelty of life and lived his part of it."

But the towns remain the real characters; it is they that enjoy the moods and the motives, are comic or tragic, cut up antics, threaten or bewitch—the square, the crowd, all the abundant and wasteful life of the Mediterranean, with its espresso machines, plane trees, and palms, octopi, mistrals, casinos, fireworks, and that old refrain *"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?"* "For private tragedy no city stirs—only perhaps, like some immense impassive beast, listens inwardly for a moment wondering where over all its great hide the tic has bitten."

The "aspects and images" remain the brilliant products of a remarkable vision, of eye and intuition, historical embellishment, a beautiful and formidable amount of on-the-spot detail. They are lacking in the overtones, the ragged edges of Mr. Sansom's prouder stories which deal with human beings in the stress of self-devised problems.

The stories are surely what Mr. Sansom intended them to be and they succeed. The limitations suggested are in a measure another proof of the author's virtuosity; he evidently enjoys a challenge, and he has already shown in other books that he can go deeper and further than "South" when he takes the notion.

16th-Century Finnish "Egyptian"

Mika Waltari—"a large literary figure."

THE ADVENTURER. By Mika Waltari. Translated by Naomi Walford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 377 pp. $3.50.

By Edmund Fuller

THIS second of Mr. Waltari's novels to reach American readers confirms his position as a large literary figure. But to gratify the passion for comparison, let us say at once that "The Adventurer" is a less remarkable book than "The Egyptian." It has not quite the scope, depth, and above all the form of the other novel: the sustained, unfaltering, controlled performance. Probably it predates "The Egyptian"; internal and external evidence suggest this.

"The Adventurer" follows the tradition of the classic picaresque novel. In its "hero," the youthful Finn Michael Furfoot, there is a little of Tom Jones, a great deal of Tyl Eulenspiegel, plus a substantial measure of Candide and Zadig. The blend is concocted with authority and the resultant narrative, though it flags occasionally, offers bawdy, witty, biting entertainment with now and again a touch of horror. Waltari is an able satirist. With a broad and open hand, and certainly with awareness of what he is doing, he shakes together elements of scholarship, farce, melodrama, and high comedy.

It serves to remind us that this is a great medium, employed for centuries by European masters. Surely it has been tried here in minor works but, unless I am blind or forgetful, it seems that no American novelist of stature, aside from Mark Twain, has even approximated it. The protagonist who is at once rogue and innocent, shrewd and simple, cowardly but foolhardy, lusty but unvicious, good-hearted but callous certainly fits the American scene at any point in our history. What are we waiting for? Bentz Plagemann's "All for the Best" was a thrust at it, though self-restrained from too-deep waters by its frank derivation from "Candide."

Waltari's chronicle covers a span of years in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. Michael Furfoot, variously doctor's apprentice, priest, and soldier, and his friend Andy, the classical rogue's companion of this type of narrative, ramble and blunder, tipple and plunder their way through great and bloody events on the whole stage of Europe.

They are in the Scandinavian turmoil when Gustavus Vasa, after the blood bath of Stockholm, frees his own country from Danish yoke and switches Finland from a vassal of Denmark to that of Sweden.

Michael skips out of this headlong into the peasant revolts in Germany, a section of some historical fascination apart from everything else. Luther and Zwingli, Paracelsus and Erasmus, and the unhappy Thomas Muentzer move through the pages. Mother Church and Reformation alike are given stinging portraits and we are shown Luther's ruthless fury at the revolutionary ardor of his peasant disciples. Moving on, the book reaches its climax with a superb account of the sack of Rome in the time of Clement VII.

In the gallery of women Madame Genevieve and a good many others are the stock stuff of such barbed comedy. But in the tale of Barbara, the witch wedded by Michael, pity, terror, and tragedy enter in.

Waltari mocks savagely and impartially at human corruption. There are no saviors and deliverers in his pages, nor yet any real villains. There are just human beings of high and low place, and if he is cynical about them, at least I think he loves them.

The closing note is somber: "As we left Rome, that plundered carcass, behind us, I seemed to see all Christendom as a wounded, plague-ridden, wailing creature which a man must flee from if he would save his soul."

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 860)

*S. E. WHITE:
ON LYING AWAKE AT NIGHT

Unlike mere insomnia, lying awake at night in the woods is pleasant. . . . Your mind is cradled in an exquisite poppy-sensation of judgment and of thought. Always impressions lay soft velvet fingers on the drowsy imagination.

*From Roy Chapman Andrews: "My Favorite Stories of the Great Outdoors, 1950."

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Drama of Belief and Unbelief

SHADOWS OF ECSTASY. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 260 pp. $3.

By RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THIS earlier novel, written at the beginning of the Thirties, is perhaps the most exciting of Williams's extraordinary thrillers so far to be posthumously published here. One of his compatriots has already suggested that though Williams can make us look at "the terrors in the pit of darkness," we are in the end brought closer to what Conrad, I believe, called "the laughter at the heart of things." This is perfectly true, and for this reason Williams can be read for the vast degree that he entertains us as much as for his deep psychological insight into the moral problems of our age. Or at least those who do not wish to be mentally disturbed can read and enjoy him for his lively sense of adventure and frolic. Although how they can dismiss or ignore the wise and witty commentary that unobtrusively points the dazzling course through his novels is a mystery to this reviewer. Suppose for want of a better name we call Williams's books supernatural thrillers; still they are unlike any others of their type, for they do not display that all-too-common tendency of macabre fiction to exploit the supernatural to achieve a temporary thrill. Also they differ sharply from the customary pattern of the novel of ideas or the allegory, since Williams gives the palpable feeling that we are moving in another world, that the other actually does exist. Nor does he once resort to forcing any dogmatic belief down his reader's throat. He has undergone a special kind of experience and asks simply that we share it with him. Some may criticize that he writes only formula novels, but they will have to admit, too, that it is a formula that has come as near to perfection as anyone with all Williams had to say could ever hope to attain. As to the essential nature of his message, it is, admittedly, often as hard to define as his novels are difficult to classify. The reader must be content to follow that nimble, inquisitive mind through volume after volume, captivated by an imagination which consistently refuses to recognize any barricade between the material and spiritual world.

In "Shadows of Ecstasy" there is more intellectual discursiveness and moral indecision than appear in the later novels. It is almost as though Williams were having a private debate with himself about humanity's capacity for love, and, not having made up his mind whether men and women are continually engaged in a blind struggle between Good and Evil or really have the freedom to choose between the higher and lower powers, he has left the enigma to be tossed around by his different characters with their opposing social and theological views. As the title suggests, Williams is concerned here mainly with ordinary human beings wrestling with their weaknesses and self-conceits in the shadows. Missing is the clear black-and-white dichotomy of archetypes that we find in "Descent Into Hell" and "All Hallows' Eve." There seems to be some question whether Considine, the central figure in "Shadows of Ecstasy," is an Anti-Christ or not. In the case of Simon, the magician in "All Hallows' Eve," his evil practices left us with no such doubts in our minds. Then again, it may be the reader's mistake to expect Williams to deal with people in different states of consciousness all in a similar manner. In the present work he shows us how a fanatical expositor of mysterious powers is greeted with confused elation by a group of sophisticated Londoners. Against the turbulent background of panic, riots, suicides, murders, and the echo of distant guns threatening invasion from darkest Africa, Mr. Williams carries out his drama of belief and unbelief, intellect and reason vs. primeval energy and ecstasy. As the threat of war overclouds London, Nigel Considine, who has been alive 200 years, lures many to him with his promise of immortality and ecstatic fulfilment through sublimation of their sexual passions. Only three stand apart from his pernicious doctrine: Sir Bernard Travers, distinguished stomach specialist, whose "sedate and happily ironical mind" demands of life the contemplative detachment and logic of a Pascal, though he is not a believer; his friend Ian Caithness, a vicar sworn to routing evil from his flock, and Isabel Ingram, whose love overrides her disbelief in Considine's gospel enough to give her professor husband, Roger, liberty to become a disciple of the mad visionary. Of course, there is Inkamasi, king of the Zulus, who succumbs to that greater vision of kingship beyond the shadows of his own majesty, but not before he has declared that he doesn't think "mankind can be saved without intellect and without God."

Violence and bloodshed eventually put things back ironically in their conventional places again. However, the threads are not so tightly knotted in this book. We are a little uncertain of Williams's conclusions. Roger is secretly awaiting the conqueror's return at the novel's close. Treachery, hints of self-immolation, the destruction of the master do not seem to have shattered his dream of immortality. "If now . . . if now he came once more to threaten and deliver . . . If—beyond belief—but if he returned . . ." Does Williams mean to imply here that if there is a love or godhead beyond the shadows most of us live in—that only by the mind assenting to its energy can it be manifested? "Without that assent beauty itself must be a tyranny; but with that grave acceptance there is no government that is not beautiful, for love is not only the fulfilling but the beginning of the law."

Charles Williams—"the laughter at the heart of things."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 379

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 379 will be found in the next issue.

RP LAMBS TRY

ERPPHB OBRPX GMKDYQB.

Q. Y. THQP:

QRPXTHHN HZ MKHFLKTO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 378

To live without duties is obscene.
—EMERSON: "English Traits"

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Little Nazi

AGE WITHOUT PITY. By John Prebble. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 250 pp. $2.75

By Robert Pick

THE same mail that brought me this novel—the story of a well-meaning Britisher's futile attempts to reform the hard-bitten little Nazi whose mother, an attractive war widow, he has married shortly after the end of hostilities—also landed on my desk a collection of brief memoirs written by German adolescents, at various times between 1945 and 1949, as high-school graduation papers, and published in Hamburg some months ago. Thus I had before me an ably written piece of fiction about a decent London journalist who desperately tries to turn his wife's German son into a normal, nice young Englishman side by side with the evidently frank self-appraisals of a hundred or so real German teen-agers who had gone through some of the very experiences that warp and darken the soul of Gerhardt-Gerry, the small villain of that novel.

To the boy, Graham, his mother's husband, appears (quite aside from all Freudian innuendos) as the very symbol of everything that has destroyed the only world Gerhardt ever has known: the senselessness of his father's death for Germany, her defeat, and a sense of humiliation doubly felt by a youngster fed from his cradle on national pride.

That sense of mortification is one of the leitmotifs of those student papers. For all the high-flown clichés and the shreds of Nazi oratory those outcries of hurt patriotism abound with, they ring stronger than even the most gruesome of the accounts of the physical trials these boys and girls had to endure and which they wrote down sometimes with a self-conscious matter-of-factness, more often with a mixture of self-pity and fury. Only a minority blame their cruel shock in 1945 exclusively on the lies told them all their lives about the Reich's invincibility and the nobility of its cause. Fewer still are very explicit in their condemnation of their late government, and no more than a handful tell of a groping search on their parts for new values. Except for some who have found such in religion, practically all these adolescents appear still to be crushed by the wounds inflicted on their national pride.

Nationalism is, alas, a natural emotion everywhere in our time. It has grown to be all but undistinguishable from patriotism. How could anyone born in Germany at sometime between 1930 and 1935 learn how to draw the line between Hitler's brand of patriotism and its "normal," its ethical measure? Once the war started the overwhelming majority of German grown-ups did not know how to do it, caught as they were—to use the astute expression an American Berlin correspondent coined in 1939—by "the patriot's dilemma."

The author of the present novel knows that well enough. His hero, Graham, even says something to that effect in a talk with the frightened headmaster of Gerry's school. However, it never seems to occur to Graham that his efforts, no matter how amiable, to make the boy forget he is German cannot possibly rid him of the fruit of his evil education. And to urge one's young stepson to accept one as his "dad," as Graham repeatedly does, would, of course, lead nowhere even if such a boy happened to be born in one's own country.

Probably some readers will question the credibility of Gerry's villainy and dismiss as melodrama his nastiness and his misdeeds, which culminate in his wrecking his mother's marriage. I do not think anything that the little monster does unbelievable at all. But does Mr. Prebble really mean to say that German youth is rotten to the core and not to be saved from perdition? Or does he simply suggest that an Englishman had better not try to be anything but a true average Englishman minding an Englishman's business? I don't know. But since this is a short, swift-moving novel—there is also a very clever sub-plot—not likely to bore you in the least, why not form your opinion on that point?

John Prebble—is German youth "rotten to the core"?

The Maddest Mater

A HUSBAND FOR MAMA. By Louis Paul. New York: Crown Publishers. 275 pp. $3.

By Earnest Elmo Calkins

THE Gaineses were a lovable family. They possessed all the amiable virtues, they were charitable, kind-hearted, and good-natured, but they didn't pay their bills. Because of their undeniable charm and the esteem in which the late Professor Gaines was held by the townspeople they owed nearly every store on Main Street. Mama thought that anything that could be charged was practically free. When cash did turn up it was not squandered in paying debts but went for some preposterous purchase such as the automatic electric bridge table Mama bought with her pension check. Afterward she could not remember why, for none of them played bridge.

That was the reason that after Mama invited Dr. Prescott to a roast-goose dinner there was no money to pay for the goose, for Mr. Wilson, the butcher, had reached the end of his patience. Then Halcyon, the oldest daughter, took ten dollars from the till at the Melody Mart, where she worked, accompanied by a mild protest from Mr. Peccary, "Everybody loved Ballard Gaines, but the day he came to Vernon City was the unluckiest day of my life." "Thanks," said Halcyon. "I'll put an IOU in the drawer."

Even then there was no goose, for Mama gave three dollars to the poor woman on the corner who sold buttons and needles and lost most of the rest playing two-handed rummy. So Halcyon hurried to the Italian butcher, who was still amiable, and bought some ground meat. She burned a small piece of it on the stove and filled the house with the smell, and when Dr. Prescott arrived she explained that the goose was spoiled. "Anything about the Gaineses," observed Toby Tyler, the chief of police, "that sounds logical probably ain't true."

Halcyon decided they needed a man to keep a firm hand and that Mama must marry again and conspired with her brother, Buddy, to that end. But this was difficult, for Mama's heart was buried in the coffin with Papa. Dr. Prescott was one of Halcyon's prospects. So was Mr. Loder, the minister, and Mr. Silonovitz, the garbage man, who paid for the ton of coal that kept the Gaineses from freezing to death in their Old Manse. The plot progresses amid some of the most hilarious conversations I ever read. Maybe there are people who can talk that way; I hope so; anyway it makes

(*Continued on page 47*)

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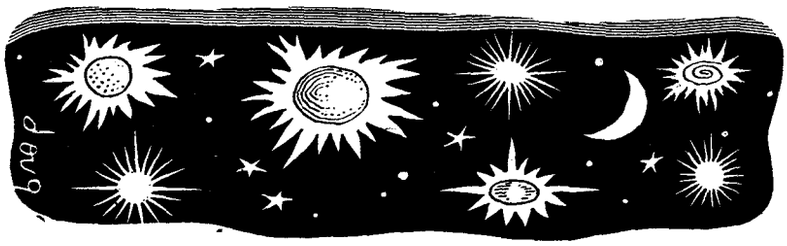

In a Saucer from Venus

ROLAND GELATT

FLYING saucers exist. Three of them have landed in this country and have been examined by scientists. (A fourth one, also spotted on the ground, took off before the scientists could get a good look at it.) Inside the flying saucers were found the dead bodies of little men, thirty-six to forty inches in height, "no different from us" except for lack of beards; also found were food, water, bunks, and other appurtenances of living beings. In construction these flying saucers "were quite dissimilar to anything we have designed. There was not a rivet, nor a bolt, nor a screw in any of the ships. Their control boards were a series of push buttons. Their outer construction was of a light metal resembling aluminum but so hard no application of heat could break it down." These craft operated on lines of magnetic force (a form of propulsion not yet mastered by earth men) and were able to attain speeds of at least 186,000 miles a second. The probability is that they came from Venus. Space ships like them are keeping the earth under constant surveillance, and an examination of older reports suggests they have been doing so for well over a century.

This farrago of astounding information comes from the pen of Frank Scully, columnist for *Variety* and former sports writer and movie publicist. It is the kernel of a newly published book* that purports to offer a detailed factual explanation of this ubiquitous, if unverified, phenomenon.

Before going any further we should make it clear that "Behind the Flying Saucers" in and of itself isn't worth much fuss. But as representative of a growing and singularly unfortunate reversion to medieval processes of thought this repetitious and sloppily assembled volume has considerable significance. The trend came into special prominence earlier this year with the publication of Immanuel Velikovsky's "Worlds in Collision." That this historico-astronomical hodgepodge, which has been refuted by reputable scientists throughout the world, should be published as scientific fact (no one would have objected had it borne the label "science-fiction") seems to be a complete denial of the modern approach to learning. The appeal of Velikovsky was not to critical intelligence but to superstition. And superstition pays today, as witness the prominent place that "Worlds in Collision" has enjoyed on best-seller lists from coast to coast. With the appearance now of a quasi-scientific book on flying saucers, it seems plain that we are in for a deluge of humbuggery calculated to exploit popular superstition and ignorance.

The gist of Frank Scully's information emanates from a supposedly eminent geophysicist, whom he never identifies, and from Silas M. Newton, described in the book as "one of the great geophysicists of the oil industry," who has "made and spent millions." Before the reader is introduced to these sources, however, he is taken on a trip to the University of Denver, where on March 8, 1950, an unidentified lecturer spoke to students of a basic science class on the phenomenon of flying saucers. Here were advanced the propositions summarized in the first paragraph of this article. Needless to say, a lecture of this sort within the sober walls of a university produced something of a sensation. "Such is the nature of man's distorted sense of curiosity," Scully observes, "that *who* the lecturer was soon began to overshadow *what* he had said. *He*, not the flying saucer, became the mystery that had to be solved by the students first." But, surely, the distortion here is Scully's, for the entire validity of any such recital hinges on the authority of the person who delivers it. When Velikovsky speaks it is one thing; when Einstein speaks it is another.

Later in the book it becomes apparent to the diligent reader that the lecturer was the aforementioned Silas Newton. A check with Denver sources confirmed our suspicion. *SRL* then asked the University of Denver for further information about Mr. Newton's lecture and for their estimation of his competency on the subject. Here is what Vice Chancellor Alfred C. Nelson wrote in reply:

> This lecture was not a formal presentation but an experiment in methods of evaluation in terms of the scientific approach to such matters as the then current reports about flying saucers. The experiment had only local significance at the time and there is nothing in it of importance at the present. No one here has any basis on which to judge Silas Newton on the subject of "interplanetary travel."

Our curiosity still piqued about Silas Newton, we checked with the American Petroleum Institute and learned that he is neither a member of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists nor of the Geological Society of America. According to our informant, Newton is not the key figure in the oil industry that Scully would have us believe.

BUT to get back to the speech and Scully's book. Nothing like a verbatim report of the speech is presented. However, without benefit of a transcript one learns that the flying saucers were built according to the "System of Nines," that the little men had no bad teeth and wore a sort of uniform, that timepieces were found that indicated the navigators worked on magnetic time (a magnetic day is twenty-three hours and fifty-eight minutes), that the ship carried no weapons but was capable of disintegrating a pursuing object.

If true, this is certainly news. One's first question would be: Why does the information come from Frank Scully? According to his testimony, the U. S. Government knows all about these interplanetary space ships but just won't talk. When the first flying saucer landed in New Mexico, the story goes, the Air Force threw a guard around it and called in a "Dr. Gee," the unidentified geophysicist, and seven other specialists in magnetism to examine it. After what seems to have been a cursory reconnaissance the Air Force had the thing dismantled and shipped off to a Government testing laboratory. "When Dr. Gee next saw it, the instrument board, to his amazement and chagrin, had been broken up and all of the inner workings torn apart. This, he said, pre-

*BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS. By Frank Scully. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 230 pp. $2.75.

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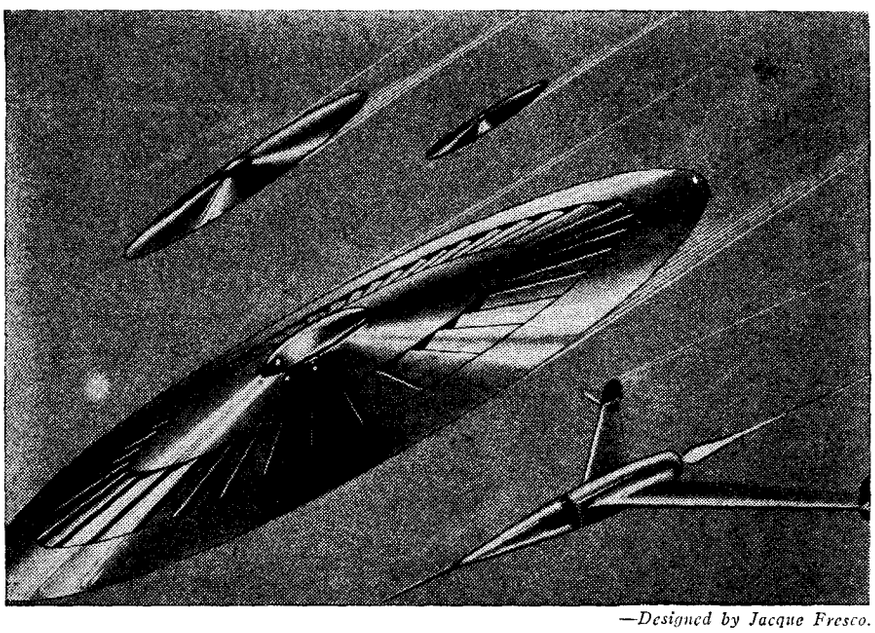
vented any further study by them as to the magnetic operation of the ship itself." As to the little men, "some of them had been dissected and studied by the medical division of the Air Force." "Dr. Gee" couldn't understand why the Government kept all this a secret, unless it would be "fear of a panic, or the upsetting of certain religious beliefs, or just plain brass exercising its authoritative powers to keep their powers from atrophying."

Despite the unprecedented shroud of secrecy enveloping these discoveries "Dr. Gee" was allowed to take home some souvenirs from the flying saucers. Replying to our request for pictorial evidence, Scully told *SRL* that "no photographs of parts will be available to anybody under present tensions." What a strange paradox! Evidently "present tensions" allow the publication of a report that the earth is being explored by visitors from other planets but will not allow presentation of corroborating evidence.

The souvenirs included some gears ("of a ratio unfamiliar to engineers on this earth") and a radio the size of a pack of cigarettes that had no tubes, no wires, and only one dial. "Dr. Gee built a special antenna for it, about four inches high, and was able to catch a high C sort of note at fifteen minutes past every hour." This radio bears examination. Disregarding what is meant by "a high C sort of note" (a note is either high C or it isn't), observe that it is heard fifteen minutes past every hour. Presumably the radio is tuned to Venus or some other body out in space. But earlier in the book we were told that the flying-saucer people operated on magnetic time, which is slower than earth time. It is odd, then, that this sound should be heard regularly at a quarter past the hour on our clock. A disturbing inconsistency—and aggravated at the end of the book when we discover that the radio has shrunk to "one-inch square" and that it is used as a "magnetic radio telephone" by "Dr. Gee" and Mr. Newton, which implies that a microphone, not previously mentioned, exists.

"I affirm that the nineteenth century, and still more the twentieth, can knock the fifteenth into a cocked hat in point of susceptibility to marvels and miracles and saints and prophets and magicians and monsters and fairy tales of all kinds." —BERNARD SHAW IN PREFACE TO "SAINT JOAN."

Contradictions of this order abound throughout "Behind the Flying Saucers"; to chronicle them all would be both tedious and profitless. Just as egregious are simple errors of fact, or even of multiplication. At one point in the book Scully wants to prove that travel at 186,000 miles per second is not as fantastic as it sounds. "This is slower compared to Air Force jet planes," he asserts, "than Air Force jets are to Caesar's marching legions." Scully figures the speed of jets as 1,000 miles per hour, which a little home mathematics shows to be .277 miles per second. Now, watch the reasoning. "If [Caesar's] centurions could do thirty miles per day a jet could do 8,000, and that, in a month, would be 240,000 miles, while Caesar's soldier was walking off his first 1,000 miles. It is therefore more plausible to believe in 1950 that flying saucers can travel 186,000 miles per second than it would have in Caesar's time been to believe anybody could ever travel 1,000 miles per hour." In other words, 240 is to 1 as 186,000 is to .277.



—*Designed by Jacque Fresco.*

But is it from Venus? This draughtsman's conception of a flying saucer shows a helicoptered transparent metal turret with a series of blades flush with the disc's surface. The disc is rotated on the ground at relatively high r.p.m., then the pitch is turned on in the blades, propelling the air from the upper surface of the disc to the lower. This results in decreased pressure on the top and an increase beneath, lifting the disc in a vertical position to any desired altitude. In flying, the disc would be tilted slightly nose down, causing the air underneath to slip backward and propelling the disc forward.

THE author loves to display his knowledge of astronomy and magnetic physics. As long as he keeps talking about magnetrons and tenescopes and Wolf 359 and fault zones he has us properly gulled. But on the subject of the solar system we have our elementary-school training to fall back on. "Pluto," Scully says, "is the nearest to the Sun, and the others move outward in the following order: Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Earth, Venus, and Mercury." Unless things have changed since Miss Ford taught us in sixth grade, exactly the opposite is the case.

"Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself." This was Whitman's gambit; and if it will do for Walt it ought also to do for Frank. Let's forget about the blatant inconsistencies and misstatements of fact. Let's accept at face value the concept of flying saucers navigated by little men that come from outer space and fly at the speed of light. Are we to take all this seriously or as a deliberate hoax? At first glance one would guess this book to be the literary equivalent of Orson Welles's "Men from Mars" broadcast. But a thorough investigation satisfies us that it is offered as a sober exposition. In response to a direct query from *SRL* Frank Scully wired: "BEHIND FLYING SAUCERS IS SERIOUS PRESENTATION NOT A HOAX AND CALLS FOR A SERIOUS REVIEW." The publishers back up Scully's claim that he is dead serious. "If it's a hoax," they confessed to us, "we'll be the biggest suckers of all." George Koehler, a Denver radio reporter who helped arrange for the University of Denver lecture, was once supposed to have said that the "little men story" was a gag. But in reply to a question from *SRL* Koehler insisted: "I never stated to anyone that flying saucers or their pilots or their assumed origin were a hoax or a joke." He added that he believed "Frank Scully's sources of information reliable and authoritative, and that his book will render a val-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Our Knight & Windmill

A Classic Re-evaluated

HARRISON SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article initiates a weekly series of literary re-evaluations that* SRL *is presenting in conjunction with the National Broadcasting Company and the University of Louisville. Eighteen authors, ranging from Cervantes to Stephen Crane, will be discussed. Concurrently with this series "NBC Theatre" will offer a dramatization of an important work by each author concerned. The broadcasts are presently heard Sunday afternoons (check local newspapers for time and station). This fall "NBC Theatre" forms part of a course in world fiction offered by the "University of the Air"—a project in education via radio begun by the University of Louisville and now sponsored by several other schools as well.* SRL *is associating itself with this significant project by publishing weekly critical essays designed to assess the contemporary meaning of the authors.*

Readers who may wish to enroll in the "University of the Air"—either for college credit or just plain enjoyment—should write to SRL *for the name of the nearest participating university. "Don Quixote" will be broadcast September 24.*

THREE YEARS ago the literary world celebrated the four-hundredth birthday of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, though it is to be noted that Cervantes's countrymen treated Spain's greatest writer with the cold disdain that critics in totalitarian countries mete out to humanists and liberals of their own, or any other, century. Only a year ago the English-speaking world was favored with a superb translation of Cervantes's immortal classic, "Don Quixote," on which Samuel Putnam, an American, had been engaged for more than sixteen years. Like many another famous and classic writer, Cervantes's name and reputation had remained unblemished, but readers of the present generation were finding the translations of "Don Quixote" less and less to their liking. The clumsy attempts to lend an antique flavor to Cervantes's lucid Castilian prose and to turn his comedy into heavy-handed burlesque were described by an English critic and scholar, Aubrey F. G. Bell, whose biographical study of Cervantes happily coincided with the anniversary of Cervantes's birth. His work offered a modern and brilliant commentary as a text for writers whose task it was to restore for the moment an almost legendary name to its rightful place in the hierarchy of genius and to lend new life to a masterpiece which has been translated into more languages than any other work except the Bible.

Aubrey Bell asked a difficult question: whether as a universal classic "Don Quixote" had not joined Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, and the Bible in being universally praised but comparatively seldom read. Out of the twelve persons "of keen intelligence and wide reading" he had questioned half had not read "Don Quixote," and none of them spoke of it with unqualified admiration. As those who had read it depended on English-language translations "which did not do justice to the original," they wrote that they found it to be dull and almost unreadable. Mr. Bell's inclusion of the Bible and Shakespeare in this list increases rather than diminishes the stature of "Don Quixote" in the twentieth century. Nevertheless, it is certain that a book of foreign authorship cannot appear to its readers to be any better than its translation, so that the devotees of Cervantes as one of the world's greatest writers can only hope that Mr. Putnam's lucid "Don Quixote" will be soon presented in popular editions for a host of new readers.

There is every reason why "Don Quixote" should remain an immortal classic. It is one of the most human and humane books ever written; it is full of vigor and life and humor. Though it is a satire on chivalric romances of the Middle Ages it is not necessary for the reader ever to have troubled his head with Orlando Furioso, Amadis of Gaul, or Don Belianis of Greece, or the other fabulous knights-errant who rescued maidens and slew dragons during the years when chivalry was proclaiming its right to dominate ordinary human beings and to overwhelm the rules of logic and common sense. When Cervantes wrote in his old age "The Ingenuous Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha" the age of chivalry was passing, for men were wearied of wandering heroes and the toll they exacted from poor and rich alike.

"Don Quixote" is essentially concerned with the birth of a new, democratic life for humanity. "The Knight of the Dolorous Countenance" and his comic, and yet intensely human, squire, Sancho Panza, became one as comrades in adversity. Throughout the entire book the innate wisdom and humanity of the poorest of the subjects of Spain are transparent to every reader. Shepherds, muleteers, hungry peasants, slatternly maids, and even criminals on their way to serve in the king's galleys are thus transformed by Cervantes's magic.

GREAT literature not only mirrors life, it creates it, so that the human beings who play their parts in poetry, in novels, or on the stage have an immortality that history only grants to its greatest figures, the saints and devils, the rulers and conquerors who have appealed to the imagination of mankind over the centuries. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are living today, though one was an elderly poverty-stricken soldier and the other a peasant. Their absurd adventures led them into the heart of the peasantry whose vitality was once

"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "but you must remember that all times are not alike and do not always take the same course; and what the vulgar commonly call omens (for which there is no rational basis) are to be looked upon by the wise man as being no more than happy accidents. One of these believers in omens will rise in the morning, leave his house, and fall in with a friar of the order of the blessed St. Francis; whereupon, as though he had encountered a griffin, he will turn around and go home. If a Mendoza chances to spill salt on the table, he spills gloom over his heart at the same time, just as if nature were under any obligation to give notice of coming misfortunes through things of such little moment as those mentioned. The man who is at once wise and a Christian ought not to trifle with the will of Heaven. When Scipio came to Africa he stumbled as he leaped ashore, and his soldiers took it for an ill omen, but as he embraced the earth he cried out, 'You will not escape me, Africa, for I hold you tightly in my arms.' And similarly, Sancho, our meeting with these images has been for me simply a very happy occurrence."

—"DON QUIXOTE," PART II, CHAP. 58.

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the strength of nations as well as of literature. The men and women of the hills and the plains, living in squalid villages and on remote farms, are the lifeblood of this long and vigorous narrative. The hard lot of the peasantry seemed changeless and eternal. In Spain, closed off from the rest of Europe by the rude wall of the Pyrenees, the pipes of pan and the clamorous revels of Bacchus were heard long after they had vanished from the rest of Western Europe. To other nations it was a romantic land where tragedy and comedy, wealth and poverty, lived side by side. It belonged to the past and it lay waiting for a writer who could present it to the future by giving life to the humblest of its people.

"DON QUIXOTE" is one of the most personal books ever written for, unlike Shakespeare, if there had remained only an unsubstantial and actual record of his history Cervantes's experiences in life could have been resurrected from the chapters of "Don Quixote." It is the book of a man who had suffered neglect and poverty nearly all his life, who was aware of "the growing hollowness of his age."

The first twenty years of Cervantes's life are almost blank, though he had obviously attended one or more of the flourishing universities that had become one of the glories of Spain's golden age. He became a playwright, novelist, and poet, who lived for years half-starved in garrets in Madrid; a soldier, a slave of the Moors in Oran until his ransom was paid, a man who saw with melancholy the decline of Spain's power and wealth, the slow surrender of its mastery of learning and the arts. He had served in the household of Cardinal Aquaviva in Italy; he had fought in the naval battles of Lepanto and Navarino, had helped to provision the "Invincible Armada" for its attack on England; and when his country could offer him no advantageous post he tried again to make a living with plays and poetry. Cervantes was thirty-eight, and a poet recognized by others, when he wrote his pastoral novel, "La Galatea;" he was fifty-eight when the first edition of "Don Quixote" was published in Madrid. Ten years later the members of a French embassy in the capital "heard with amazement that the author of 'Galatea,' the 'Novelas exemplares,' and 'Don Quixote' was old, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor." His European fame had not brought him prosperity or a great name among his countrymen.

—*New York Public Library Picture Collection.*

"Don Quixote and Sancho Panza."

As a writer Cervantes might have revealed his bitterness by excoriating satire; on the contrary, he avoided it as unworthy. Essentially a realist, he reveled in the contrasts between men and women as they were and as they were presented by romantists or their own imaginings. It is impossible not to see the image of Cervantes in Don Quixote, whom he describes on the first page as "this gentleman of ours was close on to fifty, of a robust countenance but with little flesh on his bones and a face that was lean and gaunt." He never laughs, but he is always the occasion for it in others; and yet it is laughter tinged with kindness and understanding, with a kind of human sympathy for the poor, mad gentleman who appeared on his sorry nag, in an ancient helmet and a battered breastplate with an absurdly fat and bewildered servant following him on a bedraggled ass. Cervantes's powers of invention were as prodigious as was his gift for comedy and fantasy. "The laughter of Cervantes," writes Aubrey Bell, "like that in Shakespeare and in Rabelais, is the last echo of medieval laughter before the world settled down into the seventeenth-century age of wit and the eighteenth-century age of reason."

There has been too little of this commodity in the world, and today we have almost lost sight of it. Since we can no longer find it amongst our own writers, or sense the deep humanity from which it originated, we should turn back to "Don Quixote" again or discover its magic for the first time. It will give the reader a glimpse of a Spain at one of the great moments of history, when the full tide of the Renaissance was ebbing but when the people, poor and rich alike, were bathed in the light of its glorious sunset. No other book like this foremost of all novels has ever been written, for it looks backward into medievalism and forward into years which gave birth to the modern world. We who are now enmeshed in mechanical progress and gigantic wars have lost sight of a world and a generation which could produce a Cervantes; but if we take the pains to do so, we can at least broaden our horizon by becoming acquainted with the ageless figures, the human passions and follies, the vast landscapes which have given a kind of immortality to his work, as they have to the poetry and plays of his equally great contemporary, Shakespeare.

In Print

FOR the full flavor of Cervantes's masterpiece readers are referred to the two-volume translation by the late Samuel Putnam (Viking Press, $10). This labor of love has been widely commended as the most literate and faithful key to "Don Quixote" in the English language.

The translation supervised by Pierre Antoine Motteux (1701) dominated all others before the publication of Putnam's. Its reliance on broad burlesque consorts ill with the original, but it has served enthusiasts for two and a half centuries. The complete Motteux translation can be found in a Modern Library Giant with illustrations by Doré ($2.45) and in two Everyman's volumes (Dutton, 95¢ each).

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Woodrow Wilson and His Clients

MONDAY, September 25, is the thirty-first anniversary of one of the saddest and most costly days in American history. It was on that day that Woodrow Wilson made his last public speech. He was fighting to win over the American people to the cause of the League of Nations, for he was convinced that the war just ended would become merely the opening episode of a continuing tragedy if the nations failed to establish world law. And the biggest test was right here in America. Public opinion was slow in seeing the connection between world peace and world law. Traditionally, too, the American people had been accustomed to waiting for a problem to come to a boil before doing anything about it. Wilson's case rested on the need to anticipate crisis as the best means of crushing it.

Imagine the unutterable anguish of the man who had managed to convince millions of people all over the world of this, only to return home to find that leaders of the opposing political party had been capitalizing on the desire of Americans to forget about the war, forget about Europe, forget about involvements. And the campaign against the League was succeeding. Hence Wilson's decision to carry the fight for peace to the people. It was to be a tour that would attempt to crack open the isolationist heartland. The compressed schedule called for about one hundred speeches before audiences in almost every state stretching from Ohio to the West Coast—all in a few short weeks.

The best account of that trip—Wilson's last public trip—is to be found in a compelling and evocative book, "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him," by Joseph P. Tumulty, his confidant and friend who served as private secretary for eleven years. The book appeared in 1921 and is now out of print, but it is hoped that the publishers can be persuaded to bring out a new edition, for what it has to say is even more timely today than it was a generation ago.

Tumulty wrote that the small group around Wilson resisted the idea of the trip as soon as it became known. The President had returned from Europe showing the effects of his exertions. He was suffering from violent headaches and was easily fatigued. When an attempt was made to postpone the trip Wilson would have none of it. He told Tumulty that he knew he was "at the end of my tether," but insisted that a desperate effort had to be made to win over the American people in time.

"If the Treaty should be defeated," he said, "God only knows what would happen to the world as a result of it. In the presence of the great tragedy which now faces people everywhere, no decent man can count his own personal fortunes in the reckoning."

Tumulty suggested a compromise. Set aside one week in the tour for a rest at a quiet place in the Grand Canyon. Even this the President rejected. "This is a business trip, pure and simple," he insisted, "and the itinerary must not include a vacation of any kind."

The trip got under way. As it progressed, Wilson seemed somehow to find a magical second wind that enabled him to speak three, four, or even five times a day, seven days a week. Tumulty and the President's staff marveled at his ability to mask his fatigue while talking. Never had they heard him more eloquent or more convincing. Many of the talks were extemporaneous but they all reflected Wilson's great talent for clarity and precision of thought and expression.

And Wilson's message was getting across. It was hard work, but you could see the people responding to the call for sanity and the need to put decency to work in dealings among nations. There were hopes in the President's party that the encouraging early reactions would reach a crescendo by the time the tour ended. When the President spoke at Pueblo on September 25 he was more impassioned and effective than ever. It was a longer talk than usual, and it almost seemed that Wilson realized it might be his last. As he spoke the audience was deeply moved by what he said but they were also moved by his frail appearance. It was easy to see that something was wrong; his face clearly showed the effects of the constant strain not only of the trip but of his labors overseas for the League.

He began his Pueblo talk by saying that he had come to speak in behalf of his clients. Those clients, he said, were the next generation. He wanted to be sure that the measures would be taken here and now that would make it unnecessary for that next generation to be sent on another war errand. He spoke of the hundreds of American mothers who came up to grasp his hand during his trip — mothers whose sons had been killed in France They had said, many of them, "God bless you, Mr. President."

"Why, my fellow citizens," he asked, "should they pray God to bless me? I advised the Congress of the United States to create the situation that led to the death of their sons. I ordered their sons overseas. I consented to their sons being put in the most difficult parts of the battle line, where death was certain, as in the impenetrable difficulties of the Argonne forest. Why should they weep upon my hand and call down the blessings of God upon me? They do so because they believe that their boys died for something that vastly transcends any of the immediate and palpable objects of the war. They believe that wrapped up with the liberty of the world is the continuous protection of that liberty by the concerted powers of all the civilized world.

"These men were crusaders. They were going forth to prove the might of justice and right, and all the world accepted them as crusaders. Their achievement has made all the world believe in America as it believes in no other nation in the modern world."

THE PRESIDENT spoke of his visit to a hillside near Paris, at the cemetery of Suresnes, where American soldiers were buried. He then referred to the many men in Congress and public life who were now opposing the creation of a world society which, if all nations joined in giving it real authority, might be able to crush the causes of war, and he said he hoped these men might have been with him to see those graves.

"I wish," he said, "that they could feel the moral obligation that rests upon us not to go back on those boys, but to see the thing through, to see it through to the end and make good the redemption of the world. For nothing less depends upon this decision, nothing less than the liberation and salvation of the world.

"Now that the mists of this great

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—Sir William Orpen.

Woodrow Wilson—"God bless you, Mr. President."

question have cleared away, I believe that men will see the trust, eye to eye and face to face. There is one thing that the American people always rise to and extend their hand to, and that is the truth of justice and of liberty and of peace. We have accepted that truth and we are going to be led by it, and it is going to lead us, and through us the world, out into pastures of quietness and peace such as the world never dreamed of before."

As the President spoke, Tumulty looked around and could see the impact of his words. Hard-boiled newspapermen who had sat dry-eyed through the previous speeches were now visibly moved. He looked at Mrs. Wilson and saw tears in her eyes. The thousands of people in the large amphitheatre were responding to moral leadership.

But the tour was never completed. Late that night, the night of the Pueblo speech, Dr. Grayson, the President's physician, summoned Tumulty. The President was seriously ill. His left side was paralyzed. One side of his face was limp and expressionless. His left arm and left leg failed to respond to stimulus. The searing headaches that were an old story throughout the tour now held the President's mind in a steel-like grip.

The Western trip was over. Woodrow Wilson had fought and lost.

For at least fifteen years Americans gave little thought to this defeat. All during the Twenties and into the Thirties it was fashionable to view Wilson kindly but somewhat skeptically. He was a great idealist, we said patronizingly, a great idealist who never realized we lived in a practical world. The word "impractical" became his epitaph.

But during the Second World War and, indeed, in the years immediately preceding the war the realization grew that Wilson was perhaps the most practical man of his time, for he had addressed himself to the basic needs of America and the world both. He spoke of ideals, certainly, for he believed that ideals were our natural assets and, in time of emergency, our finest weapons. Our failure to act on those ideals in time resulted in countless thousands of Woodrow Wilson's "clients" going on another war errand.

And what about Woodrow Wilson's ideals today? There is a United Nations, and the United States has accepted the responsibilities of membership. But is the United States exercising the type of leadership in the United Nations that can yet achieve world law? There are signs that we are, as in Korea. But there are also signs that the United States is still hypnotized by the false slogans of sovereignty, still willing to shelter the fallacy that world law can operate without compulsory obligations and commitments. We are reluctant to talk about the ideal of world citizenship, though it could be the most effective salient there is against Russian ideology. When we talk about ideals we mumble them somewhat incoherently, as though they are uncomfortable on our lips.

When Wilson spoke ideals he was not self-conscious, he did not stammer, he was not apologetic. He was representing the strength of America as he understood it and as history had confirmed it. We do not honor his memory unless we also honor his convictions. At the heart of those convictions was the belief that vision — vision with spaciousness and moral grandeur—is not only the solvent of potential danger but the natural setting for a human community at peace.

—N. C.

Good News

▸ The drive to wipe out illiteracy in the Philippines has picked up such momentum that 40 per cent of the national income now is devoted to fundamental education. Since World War II the Government has nearly doubled the number of elementary schools, achieving the first goal of a school in every village. More than four and a half million children and adults out of a population of nineteen million now are in classrooms.

▸ In Bobtown, Pa., the jail has been closed for lack of business and converted into a post office.

▸ After fifteen years of waiting International Longshoremen's Local 1368 (Negro) will go to work at Port Brownsville, Texas. I.L.A. Local 1367 (white) voted to give 24 per cent of the work at the port to the Negro local.

▸ A French Government commission has been appointed to supervise comics and other publications sold to children and adolescents. Under the terms of a recent law children's literature may not offer "any picture, story, incident, or title showing gangsterism, stealing, debauchery, crimes, or misdemeanors in a favorable light." The commission will report infractions of this law and suggest measures to improve publications for children.

▸ The Court of Chancery in Wilmington ruled that Delaware Negroes must be admitted to the University of Delaware on the same basis as white students because educational facilities at Delaware State College for Negroes are "grossly inferior." The court opinion did not deal with the question of segregation, but considered only whether facilities at State College were equal to those at the University.

▸ A Museum of International Folk Art is being built in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This will be the first folk-art museum of an essentially international character in the world. Close links will be sought with other institutions throughout the world.

▸ A common printed language has just been worked out for the one million blind people of Africa, who speak some eight hundred tribal languages. The system of Braille was finally approved by a committee of blind Braillists and linguistic experts meeting in London. UNESCO participated in this meeting as part of its campaign to develop a common Braille for all the peoples of the world.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nayantara Sahgal

John F. Muehl

"Interview with India"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Four weeks ago* SRL *featured on its cover a book that was acclaimed by Louis Fischer as a work of fine style and strong opinion: "Interview with India," by John Frederick Muehl. This young writer had spent six months in India living native-style in small villages. "He came out of India," wrote our reviewer, "a bitter, angry man."*

Shortly after the review appeared SRL *received a letter from Miss Nayantara Sahgal protesting the substance of "Interview with India." The writer is the daughter of Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Indian Ambassador to the United States.*

Mr. Muehl was furnished with a copy of Miss Sahgal's letter. His reply follows on the next page.

SIR: I would appreciate the courtesy of your paper to express my views, which I believe are commonly shared by other Indians, regarding the recent John Day publication "Interview with India," by John Frederick Muehl [*SRL* Aug. 26].

This book is remarkable in many ways, above all, in that it shows a genuine desire on the part of the author to understand India. His journeys and the manner in which he lived during his long and difficult search for understanding are indeed admirable. However, it is a book strangely lacking in perspective and for this reason I was surprised that the John Day Co. could think highly of it and that Pearl Buck could comment as favorably as she has done on the back cover. Let me explain what I mean.

The most outstanding flaw seems to be the author's obsession with the poverty of India. No one but an American so obviously lacks a world perspective as to be so completely overwhelmed at the sight of a poor country. Mr. Muehl should go on similar travels through other parts of the East, Europe, and the American Deep South. He will then see India's poverty in its correct relation to poverty the world over and not be upset by it. Poverty, particularly in the East, is a centuries-old bugbear due to several causes. Two common ones are foreign domination and, as a result of this, the lack of an industrial revolution. The appalling condition of your Deep South exists despite your industrial revolution and your freedom from foreign domination. The present Government of India is keenly alive to the misery prevailing in Indian villages, but not even the best-intentioned and best-equipped government in the world can bring about sweeping and total reform in five months after it comes to power, which is the time of Mr. Muehl's writing.

Apart from this over-all preoccupation with poverty, the book is full of naive observations and even some outright errors, such as when Sardar Patel is called a Brahmin. He happens to be a Vaishya. With reference to the author's observations — he is startled by the fact that many Kathiawar villagers take opium and refers to this repeatedly. Is this not the equivalent of the immoderate drinker in your country? Does no poor man in America, or anywhere else for that matter, ill-advisedly spend his money on liquor when it would be better spent on his home and family? Then, speaking of the temples of Madura and Rameswaram, Mr. Muehl is taken aback by what he describes as "their Gods killing and wooing, copulating and dying in monstrous heaps of frenzied stone," and "bloody Kali . . . ensconced in majesty." Appalling and primitive though this may seem to the eye of the foreigner, it happens to rank among the world's greatest art.

Then again, Mr. Muehl expresses time and again the belief that the present Government of India has failed to reach the people and to respond to their needs. He evidently has come to this conclusion after his talks with villagers during his travels. Were a similar journey to be made through the countryside of America, would every farmer and hillbilly be informed of what is being done for him in the shape of laws being enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives? And remember this is largely a literate country. In this connection Mr. Muehl repeatedly speaks of Nehru as "going over to the conservatives" and of Gandhi as a reactionary. He says that the Government is more concerned with minor matters like putting an end to gambling and drinking than with real reform. He is wrong. This happens to be the concern of one or two provincial governments, and then, too, not to the exclusion of other problems. The Central Government, together with the remaining provincial governments, is in fact not even bothering with these matters and has often asked the provinces to shelve them in favor of more urgent problems.

What does Mr. Muehl mean when he says that the Government of India has undertaken no major reform and that its members are no longer the revolutionaries they once were during British rule? Now, as during the British regime, India does not favor savage and sudden revolt or violent reform. It took twenty-seven years of peaceful revolution and hard labor to stage the withdrawal of a foreign government. It will take many times that number of years to fashion the India of Gandhi's ideal. The task of building up is always a slower and more difficult one than that of tearing down, especially when the Government chooses gradual, peaceful means to bring about reform. Mr. Muehl got so wound up with the problems of the villages, with the stark poverty, and the fact that the villagers were addicted to opium that he could not see the forest for the trees.

It escaped him entirely that the revolutions and reforms going on in India are numerous and diverse, affecting many parts of the economic, social, and political structure. Firstly, the merger of the princely states with the provincial governments has been a historic landmark. After thousands of years of independent feudal rule these states are now functioning along democratic lines in harmony with the Central Government of India. Secondly, the Government has launched enormous projects towards better irrigation and land development. Witness the Damodar Valley project in West Bengal and Bihar, the Koshi Valley project in West Bengal, Bihar,

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I don't know anything about Alaska, Mr. Seward, but the fact that the Russians are willing to part with it looks mighty suspicious."

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and Nepal, and the Bhakra Dam in the Punjab. Thirdly, the rehabilitation of hordes of homeless refugees has been no small undertaking. Yet model towns to house them have sprung up in Nilokheri and Kurukshetra and are still springing up. Fourthly, the Hindu Code Bill, which when it is passed will bring about basic changes in our social structure, is now under discussion. The Government does not recognize untouchability. It will take time before every Indian embraces every untouchable as his brother, but then it will take time before every white American embraces every Negro American as his brother, in spite of your Government's declaration some 200 years ago that all men are created free and equal.

Mr. Muehl objects that Nehru has forgotten land reform, yet in our biggest province, Uttar Pradesh, the Zemindari Abolition Bill has been passed, giving the tenants the ownership of their land. Yet another major task undertaken by the Government has been the drawing up of a Constitution. Mr. Muehl does not seem to recognize the importance of this. He declares it has not reached the villages. But a country cannot blindly forge ahead with no reference to plan or principle. Every villager does not, of course, understand the Constitution, nor has he yet benefited directly by it, but a Constitution is essential if any reform is to take place. Naturally, all these parliamentary procedures take time. That is the recognized drawback of a democracy. But is that any reason to thrust them aside in favor of drastic shortcuts?

At the end Mr. Muehl's verdict seems surprisingly vague and immature. He says that the "glorious traditions of India are traditions of slavery and continual despotism. Even in the so-called golden ages there was less political freedom than in Nazi Germany." This shows amazing historical inaccuracy on his part. India has had a number of golden ages. If Mr. Muehl were to select one or two and compare them with conditions then existing in the Western world, he would not write as he does. Take for example the golden age of the Guptas in the fourth and fifth centuries A.D. Of course, at this time the Western world as we know it today was not even in existence, let alone its being an example in any way. The then-known world had much to learn from India, a country where the arts and sciences flourished, and the land grew prosperous under emperors famed for their just and enlightened rule. India ranked first in civilization and culture in the whole contemporary world. Take Akbar's reign, 1556-1605. Compare this period with the contemporary bitter warfare between England and Spain, the barbaric persecution of Catholics in England, and the equally barbaric Inquisition in Spain. Central Europe was in the turmoil of internecine conflict. Perhaps more primitive and feudal conditions existed in the Ottoman Empire at this time than in any part of the Far East, barring Japan. Where was political freedom in Europe? Akbar's India was in contrast a land united under a loved and revered emperor, whose reputation for justice was known far and wide.

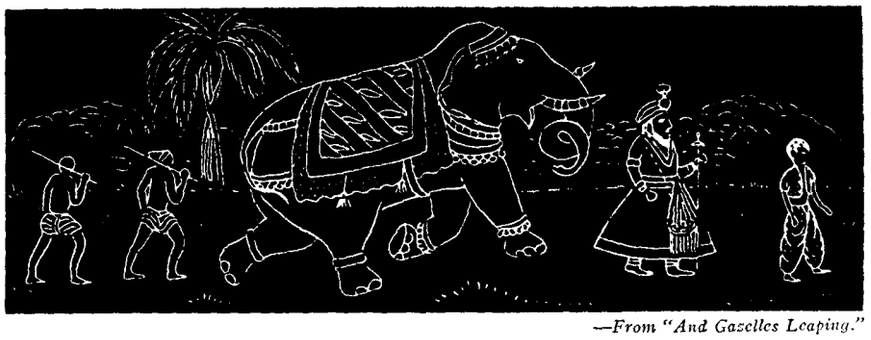
Mr. Muehl despairs of India's future, saying at the end that the best and the worst are yet to come. He says: "If India looks backward it can see nothing but a tradition of misery and serfdom for her common people." Mr. Muehl does not realize that it is only because India has her roots so deeply buried in the past that her future is at all hopeful. We have firm soil in which to flourish and a long past to look to for inspiration. That is why India has never been conquered though invaded so often. That also is why the buffets of every passing modern doctrine cannot whip us into a frenzy. America today is hysterically clapping her Communists and so-called Communists into jail, and hysteria sweeps this country at the very mention of Communism. The Government of India's policy is also anti-Communist but it retains some measure of sanity and balance. We do not tremble with fear or bristle with hatred at the mention of Communism.

Mr. Muehl is right when he says that the heart of India is in the villages and that any major reform must be accomplished through the villages, with their good in mind. As long ago as 1919 Gandhi realized the importance of this fact. That is why he dedicated his life to the service of the Indian villager, lived like one himself, taught him to spin yarn to make his own cloth, and to manufacture his own salt to avoid a heavy tax, though the British Government decreed otherwise. Mr. Muehl must surely know that the illiterate masses of a country cannot by themselves accomplish anything. It took a Gandhi to mold them into an articulate organized group. It will take a government who follows Gandhi's teachings to continue to work for the ultimate good of the villager. This happens to be the aim of the present Government.

Incidentally, in addition to the wide reforms within the country, India has had time in these three short years since independence to become a nation respected for her efforts to maintain peace in the world. No one of any nationality can so proudly hold up his head and declare, "My country stands for peace," as can an Indian in this day and age. To me, an Indian, the future for my country looks bright—perhaps the only bright spot in a very dark, gloomy, power-mad world. I have no qualms for the future of the Indian villages. It cannot but be hopeful. Mr. Muehl should visit India again and absorb some of her optimistic outlook. His book, as I said at the beginning, is most interesting, but it can do incalculable harm to India if advertised as being full of "basic truth."

NAYANTARA SAHGAL.

Washington, D. C.



—From "And Gazelles Leaping."

SIR: I must confess that I was not too surprised when I received a copy of Miss Nayantara Sahgal's letter. Like Herbert Matthews, who reviewed the book for *The New York Times*, I knew well in advance of this present demonstration that, because of my attacks on the Congress one-party system, ". . . Indians may, and doubtless will, protest." Nor was I particularly surprised when Miss Sahgal seemed to feel that my book was somehow anti-Indian in temper, for to a great many Indians of a similar high-caste background Congress and India are one and the same word.

Let me begin at the beginning. I consider my book to be a statement of sympathy with the Indian people, and if I am critical throughout of the Congress regime it is only because I have found it to be dangerously insensitive to their sufferings. For this reason much that Miss Sahgal has to say is beside the point and if she reads in context the very sections which she has quoted she will find that I have the most complete and open-mouthed admiration for even the opium-taking Rajputs and the South Indian temple builders.

One basic charge remains, however: Miss Sahgal's insistence that I am far too impatient. It takes time, she reminds me, to reorganize a whole country, and with this I certainly agree. I might state in passing that I was not overly impressed by the list of accomplishments which Miss Sahgal presents, perhaps because I heard so much from the British about these occasional "model villages" and "hydro-electric projects." The real issue is not one of patience or impatience, for I do not criticize Congress because it is moving too slowly. I criticize it rather because it is going in the wrong direction, because it takes two steps backward for every one forward.

There is probably no dispute over facts involved here. Miss Sahgal's optimistic reports are quite accurate, but my objection is, as it has always been, that we must not sort out the facts and dismiss the unpleasant ones. "My country stands for peace," Miss Sahgal boasts, though it was a party to one of the most brutal massacres in recent history. India is working for "Gandhi's ideal," though it was a well-organized Hindu organization which murdered him. Once more, I am not writing a bill of complaint against India; the violence and terror were inevitable with partition, but I fear the tendency in Miss Sahgal, and in India's leaders, to gloss all of this over as if it had not even happened.

For Miss Sahgal's naivete cannot be laughed off. It is far too common among India's leaders, and one sometimes feels that the whole Congress high command lives perpetually in the same world of pleasant generalizations. It has "Hindu Code Bills," which it cannot enforce; "Zemindari

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Abolition Acts," which don't abolish zemindars. It has "model villages" at Kurekshetra and Nilokheri while a third of the population of Bombay lives in the streets. Of course, it takes time to remedy these evils! I don't expect them to vanish overnight. But what I do expect is that the Government should make everything secondary to the welfare of the mass of its citizens.

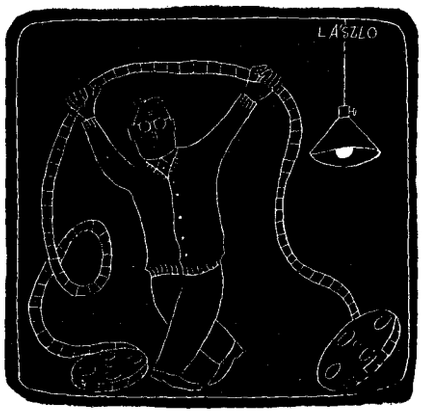
More specifically, I expect the Indian Government to make some provision for honest opposition, to cease its ridiculous and pompous pretense that it represents all shades of political opinion. I expect the Government to clean up its bureaucracy, one of the most fabulously corrupt and predatory in the world, and I expect Congress to work toward a real voting democracy rather than for something nebulous called "Gandhi's ideal." I have confidence enough in the Indian people to believe they are ready for all these beginnings, and I am no more dissuaded by the protests of their new leaders than I was by the dire protestations of the British.

Yet all this only leads up to the real disagreement which Miss Sahgal phrases militantly in the last paragraph but one in her letter: "Mr. Muehl must surely know that the illiterate masses of a country cannot accomplish anything by themselves." Because, actually, I don't know anything of the kind, and I don't believe that Miss Sahgal does either, and the fact that this sentence does not grate on her conscience tells a great deal about her approach to India's problems. For though I am sure that the author does not recognize them as such, these words are the stock argument for the "trusteeship of the Brahman," the principle which has been called in to justify all of the traditional inequalities of Indian history. Without being rhetorical I would like to point out just how many things "the illiterate masses" have accomplished: the French and American revolutions and, if you prefer, the liberation of India from British control.

I have more confidence in the Indian people than Miss Sahgal, and I know that when her people are completely free it will not be the talkative Congressmen who have accomplished it but the illiterate and wonderful villagers. That is why my book is an argument against a continuation of India's rule "from the top down" and a plea that the vitality and common sense of these villagers be allowed a place in the governing of their country.

JOHN FREDERICK MUEHL.

Ann Arbor, Mich.



The Film Forum

MUSEUM PIECES

***The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

MASTERPIECES FROM THE BERLIN MUSEUMS

Produced and distributed by National Film Distributors, 112 W. 48th St., New York 19, N. Y. (20 min., color.)

Exhibitions of these famous paintings from the Kaiser Frederik collection last year brought record crowds to the museums where they were shown.

The producers of this film, Jo Schaeffer and William P. Riethof, in association with Spencer Samuels, have skilfully filmed some of the highlights of the exhibition, providing a permanent record for those who want to keep the pictures alive in their memories, as well as for those who did not have an opportunity to see the pictures in the first place. The finished production is a satisfactory film in every respect. While the techniques of color reproduction on film cannot expect to rival the color values of the paintings themselves, this film achieves all that could be hoped for, short of a miracle. The camera work itself is unaffected and unobtrusive, as seems fitting in a film of this kind. A truly informative commentary, written by art critic Thomas Craven and narrated by Basil Rathbone, is likewise appropriately pleasant and unpretentious. One would question only the choice of background music—Bach's D minor Toccato and Fugue played on an organ—for more appropriate music is available, if somewhat difficult to find.

The paintings themselves, shown in full and in detail, are fascinating without exception. Those most likely to attract attention are Jan Vermeer's "The Pearl Necklace" and "Lady and Gentleman Drinking Wine"; Botticelli's "Simonetta Vespucci" and "Venus"; Raphael's "Madonna and Child"; Titian's "Venus and the Organ Player"; Patinir's "Rest on the Flight into Egypt"; Correggio's "Leda and the Swan"—in fact none of them should be omitted from mention and praise. The other paintings are by Albrecht Dürer, Rogier Van der Weyden, Joos Van Cleve, Frans Hals, Vittore Carpaccio (his amazingly Dali-esque "Burial of Christ"), and Lucas Cranach.

ART TREASURES FROM THE VIENNA COLLECTIONS

Produced and distributed by National Film Distributors, 112 W. 48th St., New York 19, N. Y. (40 min. color.)

Like the film reviewed above, but twice its length in running time, this one selects highlights from an outstanding collection of European paintings.

Nineteen paintings are shown and discussed in some detail. The timing seems to be just right, for the film neither drags nor is overpaced. Again in color, again with an intelligent commentary by Thomas Craven read by Basil Rathbone, this, too, is a thoroughly satisfactory production.

The paintings are shown in the following order: Belloto's "Vienna," Teniers's "Archduke Leopold's Gallery of Pictures," Veronese's "Christ Healing a Sick Woman," Del Piambo's "Cardinal Rudolfo Pio of Carpi," Dürer's "Martyrdom of Ten Thousand Christians," Titian's "Pope Paul III Farnese," Caravaggio's "Madonna of the Rosaries," Savery's "Landscape with Birds," Steen's "World Upside Down," Rubens's "Francisco IV Ganzaga," Vermeer's "Artist in His Studio," Velasquez's "Philip IV of Spain" and "Infanta Margareta Teresa," Rembrandt's "His Son Titus," Jordaens's "Feast of the Bean," Correggio's "Jupiter and Io," Titian's "Danae," Tintoretto's "Susanna and the Elders," and Rubens's "Feast of Venus."

If there is a good reason why every museum and art school in the country should not show both of these films—and any others as good as these—at least several times a year to the public, this department would like to know it.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

Produced by Atlantic Productions. Distributed by Athena Films, 165 West 48th St., New York 19, N. Y. (16 min.)

Albrecht Durer's woodcuts are used in this distinctive film to tell the story of the life of Christ. With greatest concern for the material and subject, Robert Hertzberg and Rosemarie Hickson, who wrote and photographed the film, have sought out detail after detail in the intricate Dürer woodcuts, with the rewarding result of new and valuable interworkings of art, religion, and the motion picture. An original musical score by Irving Landau, based on medieval themes, adds much to the over-all tonal beauty of the film. As an art film this one ranks with the best; as a film of religious significance it stands far and away in a class by itself.

RUBENS

Produced and directed by Henri Storck. Distributed by Brandon Films, 1700 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (45 min.)

Still another outstanding art film is this almost feature-length study of the painting of the Flemish master Rubens. With two strikes against it from the start (color stock is practically unavailable in Europe, where this was photographed, and in places the film is too long and repetitious), "Rubens" is still a triumph of clarity and beauty. The commentary and photography add greatly to an understanding and appreciation of art form and style. —CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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Music to My Ears

SADLER'S WELLS, BING, AND RALPH HAWKES

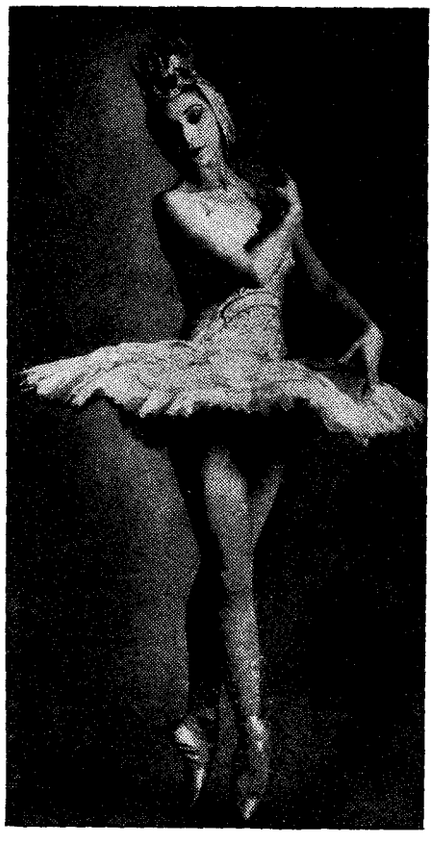
NEW YORK hospitality was almost overpowering for the return of the Sadler's Wells Ballet to the Metropolitan in early September. A full house for every performance was assured before conductor Robert Irving poked his head through the door to the orchestra pit to lead "The Star-Spangled Banner," "God Save the King," and—somewhat anticlimactically—the opening measures of Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake"; applause was as automatic as thunder after lightning, an image that Margot Fonteyn made a reality with the flashing brilliance of her Swan Queen.

It was a proud night indeed for Britain, though one citizen of that land must have been of two minds about the spectacle. No doubt it was a particular pleasure for Rudolf Bing, as new general manager of the Metropolitan, to welcome, as first tenants of the theatre during his tenure, a splendid representative of the country which gave him haven and citizenship when he left his own. But even casual reflection on the prospect before him — immediate and distant —must have brought him up sharply against the different ways in which things are ordered here and there.

Few of those who absorbed the order and poise of this "Swan Lake" noted that it was presented by the Covent Garden Opera Trust under the auspices of the British Council; or, if they did, pondered what the words meant. But to Bing the words doubtless brought a wistful reminder of other, and happier, conditions than those with which he is confronted at the Metropolitan. The British Council is an agency of Government which concerns itself with the welfare of many varied artistic enterprises in England—musical, theatrical, the arts in general. To those who match its requirements it extends a precious boon called "remission of taxes," which amounts to a subsidy derived from the usual tax paid by its patrons. This device puts a neat premium on public acceptance; the more patrons who pay tax the bigger the "remission," and hence the subsidy.

Taxes are also a large part of current Metropolitan planning; unfortunately, they are taxes that must be passed on to the Government, which has no present intention of "remitting" them. For a while, however, it seemed that something like the British method would work to Bing's advantage as he took on the big job ahead of him. Ever since 1945 the Metropolitan—along with the country's symphony orchestras — has waited impatiently for Congress to repeal the 10-per-cent admission tax levied in wartime, even on these nonprofit enterprises. The thinking was that the patrons would not object to paying the same amount per ticket, adding 10 per cent to income without additional expenditure. In the case of the Metropolitan, with an annual income of $3,000,000, that would be $300,000, or the kind of money usually written in red ink at the season's end. The bill had passed the House and was waiting Senate action when something happened in Korea. An early casualty in the search for additional billions for war purposes was this tax bill.

SO AS Bing surveyed the crowded Metropolitan — now *his* crowded Metropolitan—and pondered the artistic quality of the offering on its stage, he must have been (as noted above) of two minds about the spectacle. The pleasures of the host can be exaggerated, and those who wrote it is more blessed to give than receive weren't reckoning with the giving back of 10 per cent on every ticket sold, when you have received the money at the box office.



Margot Fonteyn—"flashing brilliance."

* * *

FOR some acquainted with the recent history of the Sadler's Wells enterprise, the Covent Garden Opera Trust, and the British Council itself this opening was clouded by the death, on its very eve, of Ralph Hawkes, senior partner in the publishing firm of Boosey & Hawkes. Since the war's end Hawkes had taken on the management of the American activities of his firm and made his home here. Those who know of his part in the recent upsurge of musical activity in England know, too, that his death was a chilling thing to the company he greeted on its arrival in New York just a day or two before.

It was the firm of Boosey & Hawkes, for example—at the initiative of Hawkes—which posted a substantial sum of money to preserve Covent Garden for artistic purposes after the war, when it seemed fated to remain a dance hall, as it had been during the war.

The gamble was eventually validated by the formation of the Covent Garden Opera Trust, which, with the assistance of the British Council, established a year-round pattern of opera and ballet. Without the intervention at a crucial moment of Hawkes and his firm none of this might have happened.

In the postwar musical life of New York Hawkes was a new and stimulating personality. The idea of a publisher with a creative interest in contemporary music was something strange in this circle; almost as strange as a publisher who went perpetually to concerts and operas of all sorts whether they involved the works of men he published or not. In his modest person was contained a great power of decision over the creative spirits of his time, and it may be considered a measure of the way he used that power that those who mourn his death, at the untimely age of fifty-two, are not only family and friends, critics and artists, but such others to whose welfare he contributed as Vaughan Williams and Martinu, Copland and Benjamin Britten. Surely his best memorial would be the preservation, through some kindred spirit, of the broad, adventurous enterprise he imparted to the firm of which he was so integral a part.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Belles-Lettres.

For years following the death of Samuel L. Clemens readers curious about his life and work had to content themselves with the gossipy, uncritical, "authorized" biography by Albert Bigelow Paine. The publication of Van Wyck Brooks's provocative "Ordeal of Mark Twain" in 1920 stirred new interest and attitudes toward his writing. In 1932 came Bernard DeVoto's "Mark Twain's America," followed three years later by Edward Wagenknecht's "Mark Twain: The Man and His Work." And now the deluge! Since 1947 there have been three new volumes of hitherto unpublished material edited by Dixon Wecter and noteworthy volumes of criticism by E. M. Mack and S. B. Liljegren. Two new works, G. C. Bellamy's "Mark Twain as a Literary Artist" and E. M. Branch's "Literary Apprenticeship of Mark Twain," are reviewed in this issue; a third, by K. R. Andrews, will be released shortly.

The Beloved Jester's Many Moods

MARK TWAIN AS A LITERARY ARTIST. By Gladys Carmen Bellamy. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 396 pp. $5.

By Elizabeth Wallace

THE EFFORTS of fourteen years devoted by Gladys Carmen Bellamy to the study of "Mark Twain as a Literary Artist" have found expression in a volume that will be of absorbing interest to those who have since childhood known the many moods of the Beloved Jester. These moods she has analyzed with scholarly care in her endeavor to trace the sources of Mark Twain's paradoxical manifestations of genius and puzzling mediocrity. She has sought the early influences that have shaped his passionate prejudices, the causes of his violent rages and his fathomless compassion; the why of his baffling intermingling of unpredictable humor with lofty sentiment.

In her search for the solution of these problems and others she has had a guiding theme, namely to appraise the greatness and the weakness of Mark Twain as a literary artist. She proceeds to this examination with courage, caution, and courtesy: courage in face of the mass of material she has meticulously accumulated; caution in differentiating the man Mark Twain and his work, and tactful courtesy towards previous commentators, from whom she often differs. She admits that much of Mark Twain's work shows artistic weakness—that Bernard DeVoto's reproach of "painful disharmonies," Van Wyck Brooks's criticism of Mark Twain's lack of a "norm," and Edward Wagenknecht's statement that "scarcely any of his books achieve unity of tone" are strictures that have a basic similarity. Hence she analyzes what DeVoto terms the "bases" of Mark Twain's mind.

She finds there are four: moralism (he was a reformer); determinism (the inborn disposition of a man is "a thing as permanent as a rock"); pessimism; and patheticism ("certain passages show a lugubrious reveling in the grisly details of misfortune, which is the essence of patheticism"). These four bases, she states, reflect thought patterns which dominated his mental processes and which assert themselves again and again throughout his work; but, she adds regretfully, "its wholesome sound is belied by its destructive effect on the artist."

After having posed the problem she goes on in the following chapters to discuss, with skill and clarity, the conflict that inevitably arises between these bases in a mind whose balance wheel was so sensitive and delicately adjusted as was that of Mark Twain. When the reformist tendency upsurges the humorist loses his grip and becomes a bitter and often unfair satirist. The serenity of the true artist vanishes. When the determinist, who is convinced of the utter corruption of a large part of the human race and the hopelessness of its reform, enters the arena there ensues a deadlock and there is an eclipse of the artist.

But while these conflicts are being waged there is to be perceived a steady development in Mark Twain's management of the materials of life and a gradual mastery of his "bases" so that at times he emerges as a great artist. To substantiate her thesis Miss Bellamy quotes with rare judgment from practically all the major writings of Mark Twain: from the "primitive spontaneity" and rough humor of his early frontier sketches; from the travel books, where is "revealed his failure to accept life as a whole"; from his reminiscent writings ("Roughing It," "Life on the Mississippi," "Autobiography"), where she finds an "unhurried certainty, a ripe plenitude that makes reading a satisfying experience." She passes on to his fiction, where she continues to analyze the diminishingly devastating results of the inward struggle between the "bases." "The Prince and the Pauper" as far as structure is concerned is his greatest achievement. In "Pudd'nhead Wilson" she finds his most perfect female characterization, and of "Huckleberry Finn" she says, "It is ultimately satisfying because it has the artistic tension between life forces, the equilibrium necessary for art." Miss Bellamy's general conclusions are that Mark Twain's greatest literary achievement is his art of characterization and that at times he has even attained what may fairly be labeled a great style. His greatest weakness as a literary artist is his failure to accept life as a whole. His mind is a "homeland of extremes," it is in rebellion, "it cannot bear to look upon that chasm between the real and the ideal. . . . He could not forge an artistic unity comparable to that of life itself."

Miss Bellamy writes delightfully and with vigorous freshness. Some of her phrases have a Twainian spice. Her summaries are convincing. The order and clarity of her argument show the influence of her profession as a teacher and literary critic without any shadow of pedantic dulness.

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—*Illustrations from "Builders of the Old World."*

"Vasco da Gama Finds a Sea Route to India."

Portuguese Epic in Octaves

THE LUSIADS OF LUIS DE CAMOES. Translated, with an introduction and notes by Leonard Bacon. New York: Hispanic Society of America. 435 *pp.* $4.50.

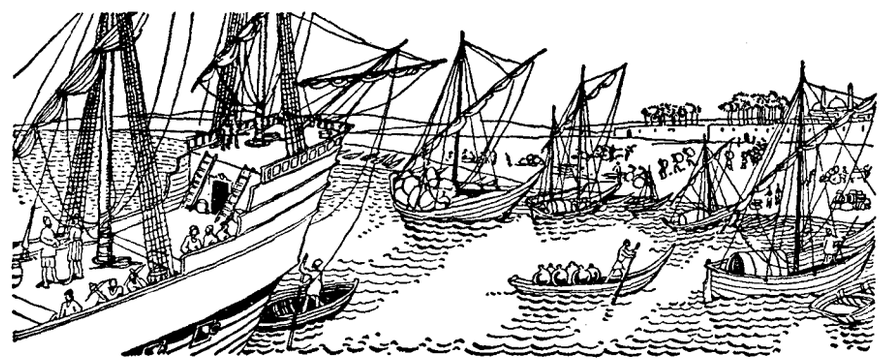
By THOMAS G. BERGIN

IN THE history of letters, the genre of the Renaissance epic may be compared with a noble mansion with many rooms, ranging from the light and airy chamber of Ariosto to the solemn hall of Milton. Camoes, an older contemporary of Tasso and Spenser, has as good a right to his place there as any of the illustrious tenants. His poem "The Lusiads" may indeed more truly be described as an epic than many other candidates for the title, for in it the poet sings the glories of his country—the whole Portuguese nation is the hero, as Mr. Bacon points out—and in particular the epoch-making voyage of Vasco da Gama; matters indeed Virgilian and Homeric. Camoes was better qualified than most epic writers to treat of his central theme for he, too, had fared to the Indies and experienced storm, shipwreck, and war with the heathen. And "The Lusiads" has other special merits; it has unity and direction and is not encumbered by prolix digressions. It gives the reader a sense of contact with reality and something of the spaciousness of the sea may be felt in its cadences. But it has also its limitations. Camoes, like Tasso, felt that facts were a better basis than fantasy for epic treatment and like Tasso he was mistaken. In the course of his poem he takes to task the inventive Ariosto and the fabulous Homer and yet the episodes in his own work that stand out above all others are the treatment of the semilegendary Ines de Castro (I wish Mr. Bacon had not called her "Ignes"), the monster Adamastor (a kind of equivalent to Homer's Polyphemus), and a few decorative scenes such as the island of Venus. The exotic wonders of the East, set forth with what Mr. Bacon calls "realistic veracity," were indeed impressive to the poet's contemporaries, but to the modern reader Vasco da Gama's adventurous voyage would have been the better for a few lotus eaters or hippogriffs. Further, for the epic as for so many things, patriotism, though admirable, is not enough. Indeed, it is a downright drawback unless the country whose merits are praised has "made good" to such an extent as to give its national history a world significance. When Virgil speaks with solemnity of the destiny of the Roman people we listen with respect because the destiny of Rome was in the event a great part of the destiny of Western man. But when Camoes describes the Portuguese as a race so valiant as to terrify even the elements or prophesies that Lisbon will be another Rome we can only smile tenderly for his aspirations and regret that the little country couldn't live up to them. Another side of this limitation appears in the references to places which are part of the epic poet's equipment; once again, everyone knows the Tiber and most people the Thames, but the role of Portugal has not been sufficiently important to impress on us the attributes of the Tagus or the Mondego. Allusions thus become footnotes, a sad state of affairs for a great poem with universal pretensions.

As for the translation, there is no man now living who can handle *ottava rima* with the dexterity of Mr. Bacon. His stanzas are smooth and graceful and convey as well as any could hope to the limpid music of the original. I have consulted a few older translations for purposes of comparison. The octaves of the seventeenth-century Fanshawe preserve a pleasantly archaic flavor but ring rather stiffly on the modern ear, while Burton's stanzas are, in contrast to Mr. Bacon's, somewhat pompous. Whether *ottava rima* is the best choice for long narrative works is another question. In English particularly, even in a master's hand, the regular recurrence of the patterned rhyme is likely to sound forced or monotonous in places and it is not without reason that this verse form ever since Byron has been most effectively used for the mock-heroic or the comic—as no one knows better than Mr. Bacon himself. I think one could make a strong case for the superiority of blank verse (and some good passages from Musgrave's translation could be cited) but, of course, the original Portuguese is in *ottava rima* and there is much to be said for translating into the same form.

The introduction and notes are delightful. Their substance is informative and illuminating, for Mr. Bacon with the true persistence of a scholar has ransacked all the authorities and called on all living experts in the field (always with due and gracious acknowledgment), but even more appealing is the style in which this supplementary material is presented, easy and urbane without condescension, witty without pretentiousness. Indeed, with no disparagement to the translator's octaves one admires almost as much the editor's prose. All in all, Mr. Bacon's "five years of monomania"—for so he describes his labors—could hardly have been better spent. I dislike to conclude on a note of complaint but I can't help wishing the book had an index of proper names.

Thomas G. Bergin is Benjamin F. Barge Professor of Romance Language and Literature and chairman of the Department of Spanish and Italian at Yale University.



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Criticism with Understanding

INCLINATIONS. By Edward Sackville-West. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 246 *pp.* $3.50.

By Leonard Bacon

"INCLINATIONS" (the author means the title to suggest both his tastes and his oblique and allusive approach to his subjects) is a pleasant book by a pleasant man, who writes with ease and authority and certainly not as the scribes. A bitter friend of mine once defined a literary critic as any person who hates literature. If the definition is sound Mr. Sackville-West cannot be a literary critic because he obviously is passionately devoted to literature, as he is to music and painting. These predilections emerge on every page. It was hardly necessary for him to say that he would rather praise than blame for that, too, is visible to the naked eye. And it is gratifying to discover a student of literature who does not think it necessary to run someone down before he runs someone else up. Furthermore, Mr. Sackville-West is astonishingly well read in three languages, his own and French and German. And his remarks on Rilke, for instance, are those of a man who has living experience of the unhappy poet's form and pressure. Happily, Mr. Sackville-West is not at all sweetness and light, as the existentialists and their dancing master may be aware. Nor has his sympathy for Mr. Hemingway come to full perfection. But on the whole he tries, like Saint-Beuve, to reach understanding before sitting in judgment. Few critics have taken greater pains to "feel into" their subjects than Mr. Sackville-West.

I won't bother with his literary creed, though he dwells on it with some earnestness in his preface, because I think he is one of the fortunate whose native good taste and good instincts save them from the inconvenient consequences of their own theoretical assumptions. His conclusions seem generally just, meaning that I find them easy to agree with. But the premises from which he alleges that he drew these conclusions could be the subject of much argument, for which space is lacking, if I am to say anything about twenty essays, nearly all instructive and easy to read, on Dickens, George Eliot, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Shelley, Day Lewis, Barbellion, Rilke, Stephan George, and a whole dynasty of French novelists, not to mention the riddle of Germany and the painter De la Croix.

The list, even thus abridged, is on the staggering side, and I shall only touch points concerning which the ignorance proper to a reviewer is not too dense and entire. The defense of Dickens against various philistine attacks is admirable, and not less so for being reasonable. The paper on George Eliot is done to the nines, with a sensitiveness worthy of its subject, and high time, too! It will be hard to forget Mr. Sackville-West's aphorism in this connection: "A novelist must know when to skip, if only in order to prevent his reader from doing so." The big analysis of Henry James, though interesting even to an imperfect Jacobite, is perhaps a trifle high-flown. And the rightly sympathetic study of Conrad seems to be colored by youthful personal contact, which may have led to an estimate that doesn't look as if it came down from Mount Sinai. On the other hand, Mr. Sackville-West does nobly by the terrible diaries of Barbellion and draws from darkness visible much that can illuminate, and does. I wish I knew why his even-handed essay on Shelley, like nine-tenths of all essays on the creature, leaves the reader with a feeling it is too bad Shelley cannot be shot. Nevertheless, whether he navigates C. Day Lewis's esthetic oceans or endeavors to explain German individual or collective psychology or elucidates the changes rung on the novel by Stendhal, Fromentin, Zola, Malraux, and Mauriac, Mr. Sackville-West manages to keep interesting and full of matter, if anything too full. As he himself might say (he has a harmless liking for words not much in use), his nimiety is occasionally rebarbative. But even that has not kept him from writing a pleasant book.

UXB

By Don Gordon

PERFORM ignoble chores in time of peace: after
the guns, before they begin,
someone must shovel the metallic dung
of the artillery,
the unexploded bombs, the excrement
of modern angels.

Uxb in the cellar under your family! The state
objects to murder after war:
the gracious cordon of police surrounds you
like a prayer.
The child on the shore sleeps in the shade
of the live torpedo:
sweep the holy basins where the successful
sleek ships go in, go out;
bring up the mines and the unrecognizable seamen.

Plow the ground in Normandy;
plow the identification disk, the love letter,
delicately the warhead;
examine the apple tree in the spring
for the airborne skeleton,
the garland of grenades on the pelvic arch.

* * *

Centuries of unexploded bombs rust in the
pale cortex of the mind:
the dream of conquest rolls deathward
on the interior plain;
the tree of fear rises forever with its
armed skeleton;
the dictator simply appears, disguised
as yourself;
somewhere a clock in this landscape ticks
like a Geiger counter.
All torpid iron giants decapitated,
all houses certified, all lands, shores, and seas:
forget
forget

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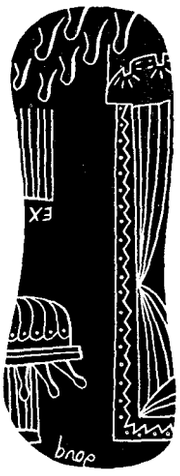
Belles-Lettres Notes

MOLIÈRE: A New Criticism, by W. G. Moore. Oxford University Press. $2.50. Criticism of the French classical movement usually takes for granted that the motivations behind Racine, Corneille, and Molière are of a philosophic nature. Analysis of their work is generally sacrificed in order that imputed assumptions and doctrines about their work may be presented. Professor Moore takes exception to this critical notion and finds the method guilty of what Acton called the greatest sin of the historian, anachronism, the transporting into the past of conceptions and categories which belong to a later age. In rebuilding the critical method he chooses Molière as the most maligned of the French classicists and presents him as an actor and his work as, primarily, entertainment. He believes that to speak of Molière as "always perfectly wise and entirely reasonable" is to sacrifice the esthetic criticism of the artist's work to an idea, and to an idea unsupported alike in his life and art. Further, the present study underlines the influence of the Italian *commedia dell'arte* and observes that Molière was contemporary with the Restoration—in fact, that he is much nearer to Congreve than to the apostle of good sense we are taught to see in his plays. Moore quotes copiously, always in the original, but the text numbers are marked for easy reference to any translation.

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW, by Maurice Colbourne. Philosophical Library. $4.75. The jacket blurb says that the author wishes to consider this work as merely the fourth edition of a book "he has been living with for these last twenty years" despite the fact that it contains some 70,000 words of new material. Those who know the former editions will find Colbourne has added some pictures, brought the life and output of Shaw up to date, and compiled some more Shaviana. They will also find him engaging in a familiar kind of coyness as he presents the "real" great man. There is a picture of Shaw as a devil on the jacket and pictures on the inside with such captions as "The Beard Begins." Most of the plays are dismissed by the author with such comments as this about "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles": "The play could be aptly titled 'Third Times Unlucky' and subtitled 'A Repetition that Fails.'" All the masterpieces are talked down. In short, there is a definite element of patronage which will surely antagonize any Shaw admirer who expects to find the "real" man. The book contains a valuable listing of all performances of all Shaw plays and interesting information on the originals of many Shaw characters. There are, however, better studies of the man and his work than this.

THE IDEA OF A THEATRE: A Study of Ten Plays, by Francis Fergusson. Princeton University Press. $3.75. The ten plays Professor Fergusson discusses are "Oedipus Rex," "Bérénice," Wagner's "Tristan," "Hamlet," "Ghosts," "The Cherry Orchard," "Six Characters in Search of an Author," Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine," André Obey's "Noah," and "Murder in the Cathedral." Through these he attempts, quite successfully, to capture "the idea of a theatre . . . that dramatic art which . . . underlies the more highly evolved arts of language." His premise is that the theatre as an art is more direct and profound than any other art form, and that therefore the dramatist is the most profound interpreter of human life. This concept is stated by T. S. Eliot in: "The poet must be aware that . . . the mind of his own country — a mind which he learns in time to be much more important than his own private mind — is a mind which changes, and that this change is a development which abandons nothing en route, which does not superannuate either Shakespeare, or Homer, or the rock drawing of the Magdalenian draughtsmen." Mr. Fergusson carries it one step further and focuses his interest directly on the art of drama as not only the means through which the life or "human nature" of any period may be seen, forever immobile in a single perspective, but also as the end result of man's attempt to understand man. Thus, Hamlet's mirror held to nature reflects not only the casual mannerisms of a period but the actual period itself—since Elizabethan drama reflects the total culture of its time. It is remarkable that Mr. Fergusson has so successfully followed this elusive thread of theory through his handful of masterpieces.



THE LITERARY APPRENTICESHIP OF MARK TWAIN, by Edgar M. Branch. University of Illinois Press. $4. The current interest in Mark Twain, second in importance only to the interest in Herman Melville, apparently grows as each new volume appears. Consequently they now enjoy numerous biographies and literary appreciations. All that remained necessary was a discussion of Twain's very early literary career and unpublished writings. This Mr. Branch contributes, though his job is probably a thankless one. This final touch on Twain as a Literary Figure is sustained by seventeen selections from the writings themselves which are so slight as to make Mr. Branch's book appear somewhat negligible. They are either anecdotes in a stilted "humorous" style or straight journalism, neither of which we consider representative of Twain. They do have, as the preface states, a "family resemblance" to his mature work, but were not the interest in Twain so great they would certainly not be published for sake of their own slight merit. The remainder of the book is devoted to a precise annotation of the early life and an explanation of some of the more mature works, including a twenty-one-page explanation of "Huckleberry Finn." Aside from their bibliographical value, the products of Twain's "literary apprenticeship" are so trivial that Mr. Branch's painstaking efforts seem wasted. —DONALD RICHIE.

MODERN HEBREW LITERATURE: Trends and Values, by Simon Halkin. Schocken Books. $3. Professor Halkin, writer and critic, has sketched the history of a literature which is in the process of Renaissance. His main concern is a provocative one for the social and literary historian: what kind of literature will arise in the new land of Israel, where for the first time since Biblical days Hebrew flourishes as a vernacular language. As a prelude he describes its beginnings—in the eighteenth century, when it shared with Western Europe a period of enlightenment. The physical ghettos were abolished (though less palpable ones remained). Then followed the reaction—the "transvaluation of values"—when, paradoxically, the lack of a ghetto made the self-conscious elements of Jewry fear that their people would lose their distinctiveness in the wave of assimilation. But the Zionist dream, which became a reality only a few years ago, produced the new Jew, who combines his spiritual heritage with a rounded humanism. The manifestations of the new Hebrew literature are rich and varied, and the samples given here of prose and poetry in translation are particularly valuable. More should have been given—perhaps in an appendix. But the author does add a useful bibliography, which includes works translated into English. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Seeing Things

THE PEN AND THE SWORD

WRITING—good writing, creative or noncreative, the type of writing still loosely identified as literature—can never have been easy or entirely painless, no matter how swiftly done. But such writing today, such writing of or in the world as it is, amid the distractions and confusions of the present and the menaces and uncertainties of the future, must be a task beset with difficulties hitherto unknown.

The times we have survived and the times with which we are once again confronted are of a kind not to invite journalism but to demand it. History has seen to this; History and the forces and issues, the antagonisms and events, which for so many years have overfed readers and writers alike on an almost daily diet of crises.

There can be no denying that History of late has accelerated her pace. Where once she moved slowly and even seemed to pause or rest occasionally, allowing mortals to rest, too, she has within the past decade raced forward jet-propelled. She has dizzied mankind and left him breathless by the fury of her sweep. She has stunned him by the enormity of her challenges and frightened him by the horror of her threats. She has outrun human comprehension precisely as science has outdistanced the scientist.

The manner in which she has stepped up the frequency of wars and rumors of wars is only the most obvious of examples. There was that war which we knew as the Great War until twenty-five years later a greater one compelled us to identify it as World War I. Now, within less than five years of World War II, another war is being fought, localized as yet but forcing people everywhere to live with the fear of a third and even more terrible global conflict. We have come to recognize, each of us, with the easy wisdom born of hindsight, that all of these wars are part and parcel of the same conflict, and that this conflict, so widely likened to the Hundred Years' War, has turned out in the agony of its instalments to be the costliest and most appalling of serials.

Not unnaturally, with events leaving no one alone and involving everyone's survival, journalism, spoken on the radio, read in the newspapers, analyzed by the tripod-sitters, or but thinly disguised within the covers of books, is the kind of writing for which people hunger. We have grown used to having each day's headlines bells which toll for us. In such a universe the correspondent and the commentator are kings, and authors whose high concern is literature rather than reporting face problems, personal no less than professional, which complicate both their living and their work.

There have been periods, more cottoned than our own, when writers and artists lived comparatively protected lives. Their times may have been eventful, as was the span of Jane Austen's life, but many of them appear to have existed out of the reach of events, if not above them. It was not that they dwelt in a vacuum. Far from it. It was simply that they were not engulfed by the news every morning brought.

Often they were bold participants in contemporary affairs as, to select at random, were Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Zola, or Thoreau for that matter. But somehow most of them seemed free to choose their causes. At least they seem so to us. History could swirl around them, as it did around Goethe, without disrupting their studies, their writing, or their careers. There were even those whose shelter from the world's storms was so complete that they could proudly paraphrase the venerable boast and claim, as a few did right down into the days of World War II, that they did not care who made the laws of a nation so long as they could listen to its songs.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"That Was a Short Intermission."

All this has changed, however. The most ivory tower of authors must have learned by now that the laws of the countries in which they live determine, among other things, the kinds of songs they are themselves free to sing. They must also have realized, and doubtless to their sorrow, that they no longer enjoy any genuine immunity from the pressure of contemporary events. This enforced inclusion raises its serious problems and is unquestionably costly from the point of view of art. But, genius being as rare as it is, most contemporary writers must admit that the continuance of literature depends upon more than the survival of the present crop of authors who consider themselves artists.

A JOURNALIST may produce literature of a vivid and unforgettable sort by being on the scene. Yet the writer whose aim is literature does not need to be an eye-witness except in his mind's eye. His being removed from the event in time as well as in person can grant him a perspective, hence a comprehension, which might not otherwise be his. It can safeguard his independence; enable him to assimilate his subject; make him see the truth—the human truth—whole and dispassionately, and give full play to that illumination and clairvoyance which we call imagination.

The writers we treasure, the writers who have lifted the language into literature and captured men and society as they are in their pages, are those whose endowments and vision have set them apart from the commonalty of mankind. They are the natural-born storytellers, the singers of songs, the thinkers or feelers, the articulate ones, the spokesmen whose genius it has been to say, regardless of their attitude towards life, what others have dimly felt but have been unable to phrase. Although they may have spoken for the pack or against it, they have not run with it. They have functioned as observers rather than participants and have appeared to believe that a too active participation would have invalidated their observation.

They have been individualists who, in spite of that fact, have somehow contained within themselves the dreams, the needs, and the experiences of thousands of others; of people whom they have led, provoked, diverted, instructed, or followed. They have taken themselves seriously, even as the humblest and most untalented pursuer of the craft of writing is bound to take his work with some

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seriousness if he takes writing seriously. When Shaw, with Shavian modesty, spoke of the apostolic succession of great dramatists stretching from Aeschylus to himself, he was only using a religious image common to all authors, good or bad, to whom writing is a religion.

Ernest Hemingway employed the same figure of speech when in "Men at War," his exciting and invaluable anthology of war stories, he dug deep, as a man who has a passion for battles no less than for literature, into the writer's problem during a time of war. After World War I, wrote he, "the good and true books finally started to come out. They were mostly all by writers who had never written or published anything before the war. The writers who were established before the war had nearly all sold out to write propaganda during it and most of them never recovered their honesty afterwards. All of their reputations steadily slumped because a writer should be of as great probity and honesty as a priest of God. He is either honest or not, as a woman is either chaste or not, and after one piece of dishonest writing he is never the same again.

"A writer's job is to tell the truth. His standard of fidelity to the truth should be so high that his invention, out of his experience, should produce a truer account than anything factual can be. For facts can be observed badly; but when a good writer is creating something, he has time and scope to make it of an absolute truth. If, during a war, conditions are such that a writer cannot publish the truth because its publication would do harm to the State he should write and not publish. If he cannot make a living without publishing he can work at something else. But if he ever writes something which he knows in his inner self is not true, for no matter what patriotic motives, then he is finished. After the war the people will have none of him because he, whose obligation is to tell them truth, has lied to them. And he will never be at peace with himself because he has deserted his one complete obligation."

When World War II was at last over, some of the better fiction about that war, such as "Tales of the South Pacific," "Mister Roberts," "The Naked and the Dead," "The Young Lions," and "Guard of Honor," had begun to find its way into print. But the novels about that conflict, as opposed to its propaganda, its straight reporting, or its narratives of personal experience, have been cut short for the moment by the Korean campaign, which in time will produce a literature of its own.

Meanwhile the writer whose ideals and aspirations are high finds himself in a world which must be as distracting for him as it is for his readers. As a journalist whose professional career is not writing about war and who knows how hard it is to clamp on the blinders and ear-muffs needed to concentrate on a far simpler and humbler task, I can guess, but only guess, at the torments creative writers must nowadays undergo. To sit still (which is a vital part of writing) when events are coming thick and fast and the mind is chasing after them is not easy, and cannot be easy. It is as difficult as it must be, if one writes about the present, to find characters who have not been subject to its trials, its anxieties, and its dislocations.

The writer, even if he is an artist by endowment as well as by hope, is also a person. Being a person, he is likewise a citizen. Although he might like to be a citizen of the world, one-half of the world now sees to it that this is impossible. If he is a citizen of a democracy, he believes as firmly in freedom for others as he does in his own obligation as an author to tell the truth. The more seriously he takes his responsibilities as a writer, the more sickened he is by the spectacle of Communist artists abdicating their independence of thought and being willing to perform in public as mere ventriloquist dummies for a dictated Party line. In the shameless and humiliating spectacle of such sur-

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renders he sees the end of everything not only by which he lives but by which he writes. Because freedom is at once his faith and need, he abhors all the witch-hunting, the character-smearing, the Ku-Kluxing, and McCarthyism which in a free country is indulged in out of fear and even in freedom's name. All these retrogressive forces he numbers among the enemy, realizing that the enemy is not only *there* but *here* too, demanding constant action on both fronts. The truth as he sees it, and as he is able to present it to the best of his abilities, remains his chief obligation. He is well aware, in Francis Henry Taylor's admirable phrase, that "genius is no alibi for treason." If in his work he indulges in social criticism, he does so not to destroy but to correct. Such criticism, he feels, more than being his artistic license, is his democratic right and duty.

If in wartime his criticism endangers security and he persists in writing, he would do well to follow Mr. Hemingway's advice and write but not publish. His being silent for a few years may not bring about the end of the world. It may even guarantee the continuance of the kind of world in which his objections can ultimately be heard.

His task at present is not an easy one. War, heaven knows, should not be his only theme, but finding contemporary subjects untouched by wars must be as difficult as discovering characters who have not been involved in them. Nevertheless there is hope for the nonjournalistic writer even in the tragic hurly-burly of the present. There is hope because, regardless of wars, people remain people during them no less than when blessedly free of them. And people sharply seen, seen as they are, their faults ridiculed, their foibles smiled at, their hypocrisies mocked, their meannesses exposed, their virtues recognized, their loneliness expressed, and their wonderfully stubborn will to live noted, remain among the creative writer's rightful concerns. Mortals standing up under the testing of what man can do to men and governments to individuals is one of the greatest of themes, notwithstanding the difficulties of dealing with it clearly at the actual moment of the crisis.

"Language," said Stevenson, "is but a poor bull's-eye lantern wherewith to show off the vast cathedral of the world." Today's darkness is plain enough for the blindest man to see. Writers, however, must see beyond it. They are the lantern-carriers of civilization. One of the services they can perform is to look beyond the shadows, to know the dimensions of the world's cathedral, and to persuade men that it is worthy of their habitation in spite of all the evidence at hand which may seem to deny this. For faith in what men could be is as essential to a sizable writer as the sorrowful awareness of what they are not. Indeed, it is in terms of the one that he is bound to judge the other.

—John Mason Brown.

—Justus in *The Minneapolis Star.*

"Watch Your Aim, Uncle!"

SAUCER FROM VENUS

(*Continued from page 21*)

uable public service relative to this sensational subject."

Henry Holt & Company, the publishers, present "Behind the Flying Saucers" in a remarkably equivocal way. The jacket blurb poses this conundrum:

> To some this book may appear as an exciting and swiftly-paced story of interplanetary high jinks—wonderful entertainment. To others it may appear as a thoughtful, documented, and extraordinary recounting of experiments and phenomena in new methods of air travel. To others it will be a combination of both. Which is it?

Inside the book, their stand is more straightforward. A "Publisher's Note" says: "We are as convinced as any thoughtful publisher can be that Mr. Scully has approached his subject with probity and has interpreted the facts and figures given him with care and caution." Just how this conviction arose is a question. If the publishers had had Mr. Scully's manuscript read by a scientist, they might be less prone to enthuse about his "care and caution." For the appalling conclusion seems to be that "Behind the Flying Saucers" was rushed into type exactly as it came from Frank Scully's pen, with no attempt made to have it appraised by experts. "We knew in advance what scientific authorities would say," was Holt's cryptic explanation.

No one questions the fact that Frank Scully is entitled to his opinions. The trouble, however, is that he offers considerably more than opinion. If this book appeared as science-fiction, even if it appeared as speculative conjecture, there would be slim cause for objection. But Scully claims to present fact; he wants to set himself up as the supreme authority, to put all snipers out of court.

SRL does not take the position that flying saucers are a myth. There have been enough descriptions from such steady observers as airline pilots to put us on our guard. An age that can produce an atomic bomb is capable of other feats equally amazing. We are prepared to admit that where there's smoke there may be flying saucers.

What we take exception to is the irresponsibility of palming off random speculation as fact. What we deplore is the studied exploitation, à la Velikovsky, of a current hankering for superstition. To give substance to our disapproval we shall offer a reward. To the first little man from another planet who walks into this office, with or without Frank Scully, *SRL* will present $100,000.

On a Cold Morning I Awoke

By Oliver Evans

ON A COLD morning I awoke to find my youth
Had frozen with the unexpected weather
And lay all gray and frozen like the grass,
Its blood as static as the river's, and its voice
Silent as those of the departing birds.
Dead icicle wishes waited at the window.

And wait and wait. O grass shall soon rejoice
And river soften and the birds return
And the miraculous sun shall have his way
With everything but this particular ice.

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Reference. *There are two books (besides the Bible, of course) which should be in every home, no matter how humble. One is a good dictionary, the other a good encyclopedia. Dr. Louis Shores recommended a number of dictionaries in* SRL*'s issue of January 21: the unabridged "Webster's International," "Funk and Wagnalls New Standard," and "Oxford English"; and the briefer and handier "Webster's Collegiate," "American College Dictionary," and "Funk and Wagnalls Practical Standard." This week we review two good encyclopedias: "Collier's Encyclopedia," a completely new work in the same comprehensive class as the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and "Encyclopedia Americana"; and a new edition of the "Lincoln Library," which, like the "Columbia," is a one-volume work. For more specialized purposes there are Eric Partridge's "Dictionary of the Underworld" and the directory "Who Knows—And What."*

Omniscience in Readable Form

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Charles P. Barry and others. New York: P. F. Collier & Son. 20 vols. $153.

By Eugene H. Wilson

FOR the first time in more than thirty years an entirely new major adult encyclopedia will be available in 1950 if the final volume of "Collier's Encyclopedia" leaves the bindery on schedule. When this review was written during the summer thirteen volumes were available, Volume 14 was in the bindery, and Volume 15 was on the press. The publishing schedule provides for three volumes every two months.

A four-year program was required to plan, organize, and execute the publisher's editorial concept, expressed in the foreword, of "an encyclopedia which possesses the unique feature of comprehensive coverage in readable form. We have striven to make available all the information in any field which could possibly be sought by not only the average reader, but also by those seeking to extend their knowledge in special subject areas." The 2,000 contributors who compiled the manuscript, and the eighty-four departmental editors who directed the work of these men are identified by a cumulative list in Volume I and by unit lists in succeeding volumes. Articles are signed by the initial of the contributor even for such items as four lines on ABSOLUTE, the surname of two characters in "The Rivals." The publishers promise the twenty volumes will include 14,000 pages, 14,000,000 words, 50,000 encyclopedia articles consolidated under 30,000 major headings, more than 10,000 photographs, line drawings, charts and graphs, and full-color illustrations, and 126 completely new maps in color. Volume 20 will contain approximately 1,000 pages printed on a lighter paper stock and will include more than 400,000 index entries as well as bibliographies arranged for progressive reading.

The physical appearance of the set is pleasing. Binding, illustrations, typographical design, and page make-up are attractive.

Keeping in mind the publisher's objectives of comprehensive coverage in readable form, study of a wide variety of articles leads to the conclusion that this objective has been met. Any adult general encyclopedia should be considered as a first rather than a last source, and readability is more important than copious detail. The editors have attempted to allot space according to the findings of systematic and scientific investigations of reader interest. As examples, thirty-two pages are devoted to marketing and merchandising, eleven pages to advertising, twenty-five pages to fashion and fashion industries, eighty-two pages to aircraft and airports, thirty-five pages to atomic energy, structure, weapons, seventeen pages to baseball, four pages to comics, while American literature and American drama each receive six pages, American painting two pages plus one color plate, and the Civil War six pages, the same space as the Israeli-Arab War of 1948-49. An excellent ten-page article on Korea devotes four pages to government and politics, mainly since freedom from Japanese rule in September 1945. The up-to-dateness of the material is indicated by reference in the article to the Feb. 2, 1950, amendment to the South Korean land-reform program. The article on

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Manchuria refers to the Sino-Soviet treaty signed Feb. 14, 1950.

The value of the "see" and "see also" references and the ease and confidence in use cannot be determined until the set is complete and the index volume is available. Reference is made in the foreword to the paintings of birds and animals made especially for this encyclopedia. Two of these excellent color plates of birds are found with the article on Birds (Vol. 3), two with the article on Migration (Vol. 14), and one with the article on Aves (Vol. 2). The only reference connecting the three articles is "See also Birds" appearing at the end of Aves. Color plates of mammals do not accompany the article on Mammals but two such plates are found with the articles on Africa and Asia. The entry for Ape is only four and one-half lines with no reference to additional information.

The editors state that they "have taken every reasonable and unreasonable precaution to guard against errors and omissions." Apparently this was not enough to prevent imperfections such as placing the famous Phillips "66" Oilers basketball team in Barkville, Colo., George Bellows as a student at Ohio State College, omitting Amesbury (pop. 1940, 10,862) from the list of cities and towns on the Massachusetts map, and discrepancies between state population totals as given in the text and on the state map (Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, etc.).

Although final judgment should be reserved until the set is complete, the volumes published thus far appear to furnish assurance that "Collier's Encyclopedia" will be a readable, attractive, authoritative, up-to-date, comprehensive reference work with a price reasonable enough to recommend it for first consideration by the family or individual interested in purchasing an encyclopedia to serve for quick reference, systematic study, and even for recreational reading.

Eugene H. Wilson is director of libraries of the University of Colorado.

A Language Spiced with Danger

A DICTIONARY OF THE UNDERWORLD. By Eric Partridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 804 pp. $9.

By Horace Reynolds

THE VOCABULARY of underworld slang possesses the fascination of the disreputable, the zest of the secret and subterranean. It is language spiced with danger. Much of it reeks with humor, some of it good-natured (as "whither-go-ye" for wife), some sardonic (as "waffle iron" for electric chair and "kimono" for coffin). "Wall flower," for a tramp who hangs around a saloon in hope of a drink, has the humor of incongruity and "where the dogs don't bite" is consolingly amusing for jail or "winter palace."

Eric Partridge, whose new dictionary of cant purveys these verbal delights, is an English lexicographer of wit, scholarship, and prodigious industry. He is well known for his dictionaries of slang, clichés, abbreviations, and Shakespearean bawdy. His long interest and association with unconventional English has well fitted him to compile what is undoubtedly the best dictionary extant of underworld argot, English and American.

Cant, or the language of thieves, racketeers, beggars, tramps, dope peddlers and addicts, white-slavers, pimps, etc. (only whores have no cant, being too dumb to make it), has an English vocabulary of some 400 years' standing. English cant had its origins in the fifteenth century, when the westward-moving gypsies reached England to roam the roads with the begging friars and the wandering Jews. Later a few of the priests who lost their jobs in the Reformation drifted into the robber and highway bands, teaching their confederates Latin. Hence the phrase "Thieves' Latin" for cant. English criminal argot reached its heyday of abundance in the spacious days of Greene, Nashe, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson. An examination of George W. Matsells's "The Rogue's Lexicon" (New York, 1859) well demonstrates that English crooks came to ante-bellum America, dragging their lingo behind them. Since the Civil War American cant has grown by leaps and bounds until now the calf is larger than the cow.

Mr. Partridge takes British and American cant words back to Greek and Latin, Romany, Irish, Hebrew, Yiddish, Italian, Middle Dutch, even American Indian, always etymologizing under the banner that in etymologies semantics are mightier than phonetics. He describes methods of formation—back slang, rhyming slang, antiphrasis, clipping, euphemism. He demonstrates that cant is more conservative than slang, tends to last longer; that a transplanted cant, like a transplanted language, is even more conservative than a native one. He reveals the gradual drift from learned to vulgar. He pilots his reader through the fascinating currents of shifting meanings. He selects his illustrative material for human, as well as philological, interest. His columns show that in the United States the West Coast alone takes kindly to the banalities of rhyming slang, a fact not without sociological interest. In general he reveals much of the strange, abundant interest of his subject, disclosing many of the secrets of the criminal's more or less secret language.

Mr. Partridge appears to have overlooked Joseph M. Sullivan's interesting "Criminal Slang," an omission which has caused Mr. Partridge to miss such felicities of American cant —perhaps of American provincial cant—as "boiled dinner" for an Irishman, "Vermont charity" for sympathy, and "Irish slum" for cheap jewelry that turns green on short age.

But these are mere drops of error and omission in an ocean of brilliant accomplishment. This is a work of even richer scholarship than Mr. Partridge's "Dictionary of Slang," with which it overlaps, because frequently cant moves up to slang and slang down to cant and often the twain do meet.

Mr. Partridge's splendid work serves to remind us that no American has yet done for American cant and slang what he has done for British. America, now the world's largest producer of cant and slang, has no proper dictionary of its own productions in either field. Until dictionaries of both and a comprehensive American dialect on historical principles are added to the "Dictionary of American English," the record of the bantling American language remains incomplete and one-sided. In the meantime every American who is interested in his language should be grateful to Mr. Partridge for his two superb stand-ins.

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In the Know—Adhesive to Zero

WHO KNOWS—AND WHAT Among Authorities, Experts, and the Specially Informed. Chicago: A. N. Marquis Co. 796 *pp.* $15.70.

THE LINCOLN LIBRARY OF ESSENTIAL INFORMATION. Buffalo, N. Y.: The Frontier Press Co. 2,271 *pp.* $19.

By Louis Shores

THE idea for "Who Knows—And What," a truly unique reference book, was first suggested some years ago in an editorial in *SRL*. Encouragement to the publisher undoubtedly came also from World War II and the military search for civilian personnel with the know-how. At any rate, here is a reference tool that lists 16,000 knowers of 35,000 subjects. If you want to know who in the United States is an authority on adhesives, advertising, Aeschylus, or Zionism, zoning, zoos, you have only to look up the subject in the What Alphabet to be referred to the specialist in the Who Alphabet and either read his writings or, if it is indicated he is available for consultation, communicate with him.

That, at a glance, is the scope of "Who Knows—And What." A closer look, however, reveals limitations, some desirable, and others debatable. To avoid duplication of other available reference works, "Who Knows—And What" has wisely omitted certain specialties like medical practice, law, and certain literary, journalistic, industrial, and commercial vocations.

Among the thirty-two broad areas represented are agronomy, anthropology, archeology, architecture, biology, business, chemistry, education, engineering, fine arts, international relations, psychology, religion, sociology. There are, besides, long lists of references under topics like aeronautics, animals, art, birds, cattle, China, food, fruit, Indians, insects, plants, water, weather. Shorter lists of references on current interests like atomic energy, audio-visual aids, bazookas, football, marine biology testify further to the everyday usefulness of the book.

To facilitate ready reference the editors have arranged the book in two parts. The first is a locator-index, listing topics with page and entry references to authorities in the second part. This authority list, which is arranged alphabetically by last name, or more accurately in two alphabets to care for a supplementary list, carries a curious numbering device. Each listing on a page is numbered from "10" upwards solely "to obtain regularity in spacing."

For each authority there is provided in addition to subjects, the year of birth, education, statement of conversance background, authorship, career, memberships, address.

The editors have evidenced such a fine awareness of their task that this reviewer asks the following question only with a view to aiding work on the promised early revision. First, with regard to the selection of topics, has the technique of "citation frequency" employed in learned journal research been considered? Although the first edition covers many academic and popular topics some rather important current ones are missing. For example, "general education" is a significant postwar subject with frequent demand for authorities. The area of "American studies" is also coming into prominence in our university programs. Loyalty and loyalty oaths, health insurance, veterans, gymkana are a few popular topics on which no entries could be located. Application of the citation-frequency technique to press and periodical might flush out some of these current subjects.

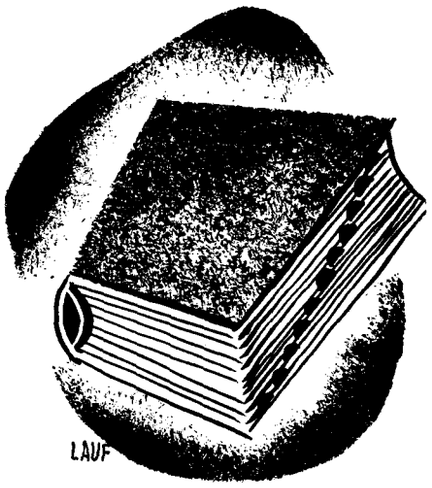
Second, with regard to the location of authorities, has the greatest possible objectivity obtained? Again, a technique like that used in "American Men of Science," where the chemists rate each other, might produce a more reliable index to authorities.

One need devote only a little time to "Who Knows—And What" to feel at once that a significant reference book has been born. Its usefulness to editors, research workers, intelligence officers in military and civilian agencies, and, above all, to libraries is certain to increase in geometric ratio with each new edition.

* * *

"The Lincoln Library of Essential Information" is the eighteenth edition of a basic reference book born in 1924. In the Lincoln tradition, it aims to present compactly the information of greatest significance to those seeking self-education. It presents this information not alphabetically, as do most encyclopedias, but logically under twelve major headings. An alphabetic index offers ready reference aid. Numerous maps, illustrations, tables, and charts supplement the text. More than fifty specialists have aided the editorial staff.

Beginning with the English language, the "Lincoln Library" covers in about 175 pages the basic facts relating to spelling, pronunciation,



punctuation, sentence structure, letter writing, literary composition, and platform and radio speaking. The second section of 150 pages surveys the principal literatures of the world. In succession follow similar résumés of history, geography, science, mathematics, politics, fine arts, education, and biography. A twelfth "Miscellany" section is a mine of data about parliamentary law, organizations, nicknames, emblems, holidays, statistics, superstitions, disasters, games, and other items of information sought by American readers.

Notable features are the dictionaries of terms included with many of the subjects, for example, art, chemicals, music, mythology, plants, nicknames. Equally helpful are the tabulations, of which there are more than a hundred. Illustrative are the tables of abdications, accidents, atomic weights, business crises, cities, crop production, inventions, literature, monetary units, Nobel Prize winners, rulers of England, travel distances, wealth of leading nations, etc. Pursuing the self-education theme, hundreds of test questions are placed at the ends of the sections.

Although the present edition evidences revision it reveals also that the one-volume encyclopedia, like its multivolumed competitors, is not able to keep up on all fronts with the advance of time. There is, for example, an excellent summary of World War II following the unit on World War I in the history section. But the lack of an outline for the later war comparable with that for the earlier one suggests there has not been sufficient editorial time to provide for integration.

Similarly, the geography section still retains much of the solid information the older generation learned in the schools of the pre-Hitler days. There are the sturdy and comfortable Continental maps, showing Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia, but there is no single map of the USSR nor of the Arctic region nor of the areas that

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trouble this "cold-war" world. The whole section lacks that touch of modernity contributed by greater attention to those places brought into prominence by World War II and by world airways.

The science section reveals uneven revision. There is a compact discussion of radar but no reference to navigational aids like ground-control approach and instrument landing. Among current topics missing are jet propulsion, and the treatment of nuclear physics is inadequate.

All of this only proves the impossibility of keeping an encyclopedia up to date. The most that can be hoped for is a conscientious policy of continuous revision under which the editors revise considerable portions periodically. This the "Lincoln Library" staff has done.

A quarter of a century ago the late M. J. Kinsella, schoolteacher, publisher, and advocate of self-education, created this epitome of human knowledge. Through the years the "Lincoln Library" has earned for itself a place of ready reference in libraries and in homes. It is the quick-fact source for the library worker. It has aided many a householder and his family to self-education. In its eighteenth edition the "Lincoln Library" upholds the reference reputation it has established.

Louis Shores is dean of the Library School of the Florida State University.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

EXEUNT, FOLLOWING RHYMED COUPLET

Elizabeth Bogert, of East Hampton, Long Island, points out that each of the following rhymed couplets was used by Shakespeare to indicate the close of a scene. Can you name the plays in which they occurred? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 45.

1. A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
   In mighty revels and new jollity.
2. Ah, women, women! — Come; we have no friend
   But resolution, and the briefest end.
3. But, when in other habits you are seen,
   Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.
4. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
   His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
   I smell the blood of a British man.
5. Come on; in this there can be no dismay;
   My ships come home a month before the day.
6. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
   I have a father, you a daughter, lost.
7. For if such actions may have passage free,
   Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
8. He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
   Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.
9. If I can check my erring love, I will:
   If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.
10. I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
    If all else fail, myself have power to die.
11. It is concluded: — Banquo, thy soul's flight,
    If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.
12. Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
    That she may long live here, God say Amen!
13. Our hands are full of business: let's away;
    Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.
14. So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
    To part the glories of this happy day.
15. The play's the thing
    Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
16. The time is out of joint: — O cursed spite,
    That ever I was born to set it right!
17. To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
    For he, tonight, shall lie with Mistress Ford.
18. We came into the world like brother and brother:
    And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
19. Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, watch, groan;
    Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
20. Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
    So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

The Punishment of Tantalus Is Immortalized in Our Word

TANTALIZE

GREEK mythology records the story of King Tantalus who seriously offended the gods and was punished in an extraordinary manner. He was placed in the midst of a lake whose waters reached his chin, but receded whenever he attempted to allay his thirst. Over his head hung branches laden with choice fruit, which likewise receded whenever he stretched out his hand in an attempt to satisfy his hunger. Tantalus became the symbol of teasing and torment, and his name is the origin of our word *tantalize.*

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Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition

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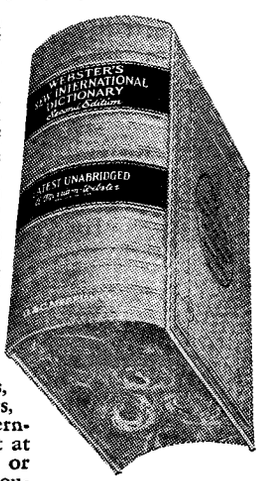

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OUT-OF-THE-WAY BAROQUE ITEMS		
PURCELL: "THE FAIRY QUEEN" (1692-93). Extensive excerpts. Cambridge (Mass.) Festival Chorus & Orch., Pinkham. Phyllis Curtin, sop.; Eleanor Davis, mezzo; Paul Tibbetts, bass. Allegro LP: AL 60 (2 10")	One of Purcell's biggest and showiest works of "incidental" music, scored brilliantly, with trumpets, oboes, and tympani, plus strings. Not the most profound Purcell but here's a new side to him, and there's plenty of bright orchestra, fluent solos, duets, chorus, dance movements. A sympathetic, earnest performance, with intelligent soloists, adequate, well-directed orchestra (esp. trumpets), attentive and sprightly chorus (student) though rather hard-toned. It fairly barks on sudden entrances! Recorded in Harvard's Victorian Sanders Theatre. Solos and orch. are good, chorus is too distant, with blurred sound, words unintelligible; whole is bit thin.	
TELEMANN: CONCERTO FOR THREE VIOLINS; CONCERTO FOR VIOLA. L. Kaufman, P. Rybar, A. Fietz, violins; O. Kromer, viola; Concert Hall Soc. Orch., Swoboda. Concert Hall Lim. Ed. D-12	Lovely and natural recording, with excellent balance and liveness between orch. and soloists. In my copy some slight tendency to blast in loudest passages; otherwise perfect.	Two highly enjoyable concertos from this renascent master's total of 170. The triple violin work is built like three-mvt. "Brandenburgs," styled with Handelian directness; the viola work is like Handel concerti grossi, but more virtuoso, brilliant. Extraordinary music, and well and naturally played.
BUXTEHUDE: FOUR CANTATAS. Patricia Neway; Allegro Chamber Society. Allegro LP: AL 32 (2 10")	This is evidently "apartment" recorded, via tape. The instruments, close-to, are good; the voice, further away, is badly off-mike, with unpleasant hard room echo. If she had been closer the text would have been more easily projected.	A disappointment. Neway (of Menotti "Consul" fame) sings these richly but with little understanding; poor intonation, monotonous unchanging color, minus the all-essential "speaking" of dramatic text. Instruments are nice—but voice is what counts. Better mike pickup would have helped.
HARPSICHORD MUSIC OF SPANISH SCHOOL OF SCARLATTI. Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Allegro LP: AL 45	Good, wide-range harpsichord, Allegro's best to date, though mike is still a bit too close to instrument for finest tone quality.	Interesting and well-made minor music by Scarlatti's followers—fluent and highly idiomatic, some indistinguishable from S. himself! Excellent and informed harpsichord playing.
A TOUCH OF SPAIN		
RAVEL: "RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE." a) Phila. Orchestra, Ormandy. Columbia LP: ml 4306(½) (with Kodaly, "Hary Janos") b) Belgian Nat. Radio Orch., Franz André. Capitol LP: P-8082 (½) (with Debussy, "La Mer")	Both are good, wide-range recordings and the colorful Ravel music benefits thereby. In both the unusually low dynamic level of much of the music makes the usual trouble—far less than with the old shellac surfaces. The Capitol has better, clearer highs, more surface noise.	On direct comparison, though Ormandy's is a good concert-type performance, the Belgian playing has more life, subtlety, freshness, by a good margin. (This is so often true with Ormandy recordings!)
MUSIC OF SPAIN (Falla, Granados, Turina, Albeniz.) Paris Conservatory Orch., Jorda. London LP: LLP 191	A fine, easy-to-listen-to demonstration record, wide range where wide range counts most, showing hi-fi equipment to best advantage.	Three Granados Spanish Dances and Albeniz's "Iberia" are orch. transcriptions of piano music; Turina's "Procesión," Falla "Vida Breve" are originally for orch. Tasty potpourri. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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CHURCH VS. CHRISTIANITY

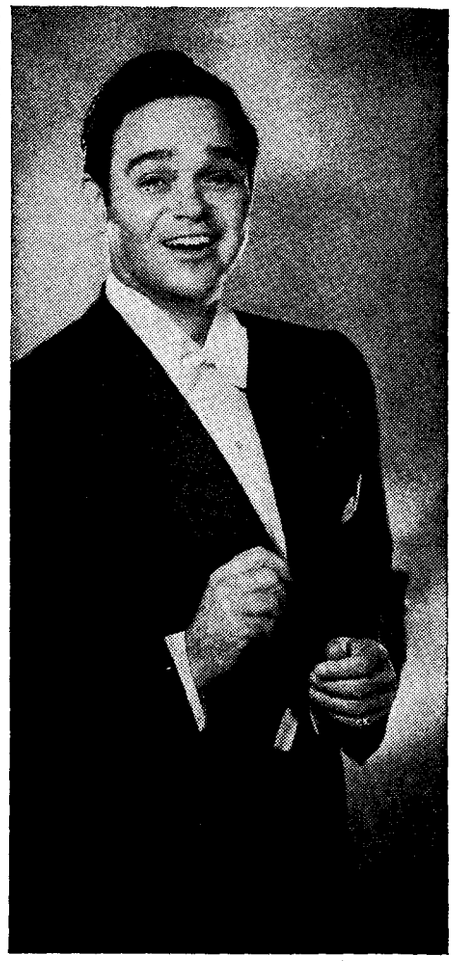
(Continued from page 10)

on common ground, for God is no respecter of persons. Down in the vestry or in his study is an eager preacher. He has a message to deliver. If he hasn't he had better lay aside his vestments and go home. This is not a perfunctory thing he must perform from week to week. He is bent on a King's business! It is his high day; not because he is so wise and learned, but because a poor, weak vessel such as he is commissioned to carry the Water of Life to the thirsty and parched souls. How many of that kind will be there he does not know. Only God knows. Most of them will go away not having drunk very deeply, but a few will drink, and a few stars may be set in an otherwise gloomy sky. This is the day that the Lord has made and it is marvelous in their eyes.

But there are other days equally, if not more, rewarding to the preacher. It is those days when formalities are dispensed with, when there is no stately music, when people are not sitting stiffly in their pews, and when the preacher does not do all the talking. I am thinking of the days when he is face to face with some lonely soul, or some skeptic with his honest questions, or some person impatient with the stuffiness of the religion of church people, or some man or woman with perplexities and doubts, or someone who has difficulty getting through the fog and mist in which religion is clouded, or one who has a vague feeling that he ought to go to church because he was raised that way, but finds so little satisfaction in going to church, or someone to whom God is a blur and a blinding mist and to whom it is useless to pray. That is the day when the preacher must know something other than churchliness or next year's budget or how to secure a memorial window or a new pipe organ or how to seek out someone who will richly add to the endowment.

Then, too, how does the churchman speak when a conversation starts in a shop, or in a house with a little group of people who let down their hair; when they ask questions, when what they really think underneath comes out; when they express themselves in terms that put all formalism, all sham to shame; when a wistful longing for something tangible and real marks the face; or when an everyday religion is sought instead of a complicated affair that leaves them cold and unresponsive?

If people are to see clearly, to have



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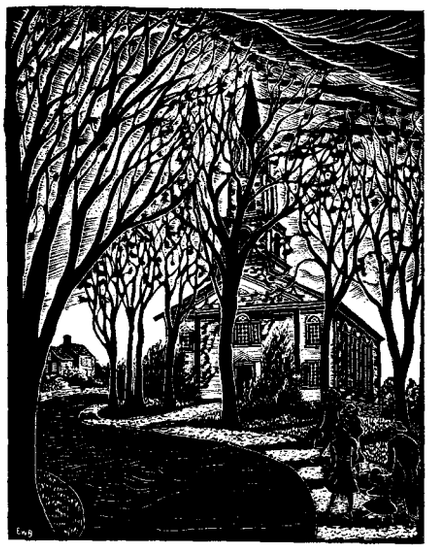
their impulses quickened and their hearts made to glow, the preacher must look far beyond the four walls of his church. His speech must be the language of the human heart and his sympathies broader than his ecclesiastical cloak. This is no time for doctrine or creed, but a great time for the showing of a religion that meets a person at the point of his need. A religion that cannot do that is no religion at all.

I become irked with religious gatherings. Goodness knows, there is no dearth of gatherings. We think we can save the world with meetings. There is, however, one kind of religious gathering I should like to see. It would be the coming together of all the religions, of leaders, people, preachers, and with only one item on the agenda. It would read thus: "To make the religion of Jesus Christ and its official presentation simpler, larger, more charitable, more inclusive, more human, so that all men of good will everywhere might hear in their 'own tongue the wonderful works of God.'" If a gathering of Christians should be held for the avowed purpose of dealing with only one item, then I should like to have the privilege of bolting the doors and turning the key in the lock and keeping them there until they had solved the problem of simplifying Christianity. It is a problem that could be solved, were it not for hearts that have been made ice cold by caring more for a successful institution measured in terms of members and money and dogma than for human personality.

I can imagine the electrifying influence such a gathering would have all round the world. This simplification of Christianity could mean just one thing: it would come somewhere near having the mind of Christ, who in his earthly pilgrimage was passionately engaged in delivering the hungry crowd from the indigestible subtleties of many of their professional teachers. Of course, there would be a number of people who would not like this plain, simple, everyday religion. It would make too many ethical demands on them. It would let in too much light upon their own little private game in religion. It would make them set about to help lift the heavy burdens that they are now binding upon the backs of their fellow men. One indictment that Jesus made against the religionists of His day was that they neither entered the Kingdom of Heaven themselves nor would they permit others to do so. I am under no delusion that a Christianity that aimed at simplicity rather than complication, assisting rather than perplexing, would bring in the great crowds. The fact is that a religion with the original freshness of its founder about it would scare the life out of most of us and put the fear of God into our hearts and into the hearts of men everywhere. At any rate, it would reveal the cross for what it is instead of obscuring it with complicated theological reasoning.

The church has repeatedly said that the only solution for its perplexing problems is a return to God. We can take that dictum into any pulpit of the land and no one will dispute it. The preacher can work himself up into a lather by constantly repeating it. Damning anything and everything that falls outside of the little world where his little God dwells, he can imagine himself as a noble, courageous ambassador of God. All the time the



"Easter Sunday," by E. W. Bartlett.

people sit as in a stupor, not knowing what God is like or how he can help save civilization. Who knows but maybe civilization is not worth saving? But one thing is sure: God still lives and waits to be manifested to the world. "That strange Man hanging on His Cross" is still waiting to get a word into the hearts and consciousness of the peoples of the world. If ever the simplicity of God as found in Jesus Christ is to make its way by means of the church, the church will have to grow taller, throw away its outworn creeds, and range itself alongside the Man who said, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

It will have to discard its doctrine of original sin. John Ruskin said, "If there is anything in Christianity that a child cannot understand, no other need try to." No one could ever succeed in explaining to a child the doctrine of original sin. The only result among church members who have dealt with it has been quarreling, bitterness, and confusion. Love for God and one's neighbor is forgotten while churchmen argue over the question of a newly born baby being a child of God or a child of the devil.

I did not know much about psychology but I had tucked into my system of thinking what I conceived to be the teaching of Jesus. He had brought with Him ideas that were at variance with the religious concept of that day. The people who were bred in the old did not like the new, and the old ideas crucified Him. Either they were right or He was right, and I preferred to believe in Him. He saw the people about Him beaten down to the position of serfs. Having no more vital religion than that given them by their priests, they had come to the conclusion that they could be happy only when they, too, should rise to the place where they could exercise authority by means of money and political power. "You know that those who are supposed to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great men exercise authority over them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whosoever would be first among you must be slave of all," must have shaken the foundation of the power structure being built in the minds of the disciples. He told the few who gathered about Him on the slope of the mountain that happiness was the possession of the meek, that those who lost their lives in the interest of a cause, who found more joy in giving than in receiving, who were peacemakers, and who did unto others as they would that others should do unto them were endowed with something that only needed to be exercised in order to feel the growing power that God intended a man to possess. The great Christian virtues—faith, hope, and love—do not come from the outside. One does not need to go in search of them. Like the five physical senses, they are within one, awaiting discovery, and pleading for growth and expansion through childlike humility and trust.

If the Christian religion could have maintained this fundamental teaching of Jesus instead of allowing it to become lost in a growing institutionalism, and tangled in a hopeless controversy, it would be different than it is now. With this as the norm of happiness there would never have been any pogroms against the Jews, for the synagogue and the church would have been blended into a unity for the purpose of propagating man's potentiality for love of God and his neighbor. All our talk about the elimination of racial prejudice will remain talk as long as the church substitutes theological expediency for psychological and religious facts.

I see children growing up in fam-

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ilies, in neighborhoods, in churches. Their minds are plastic, their hearts tender, and their dispositions trustful. They grow from infancy to childhood and on into adulthood. Along the path they tread there is more knowledge to be picked up about them by parents, teachers, and preachers than ever before. If the world is ever to become a brotherhood instead of a battlefield, a new approach to religion must be made. A fresh start toward the meaning of life must be the desire of the home, the church, and the cultural organizations of our society.

The home makes a show of religion by observing its outward signs. The church makes a show of religion by opening the doors for worship, for teaching its doctrine and creed, and ministering to the recreational and social life of the people. All the time its boys and girls are growing up in ignorance of the wide relationships that must be theirs if all men are to be made one in God. The environment in which they grow is one of hatred instead of love, of withdrawing from those who are not of their kind, instead of bearing responsibility for those who are near and for those who are far. "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

The earth will continue to be drenched in blood, and the ills of mankind will be increasingly difficult to bear, as long as the Christian religion remains something other than what Jesus of Nazareth affirmed it to be—the linking of human personalities with all other personalities the round world over. The future will be determined by the manner of our beginning today.

Is the church ready to stop talking so much about religion and to set about acting on it? Are we ready to support a religion that risks and gives, or one that compromises with the laws of God and the universe? Do we prefer some mild and manageable version of religion that makes us feel

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

(1) "A Midsummer Night's Dream," V, 1. (2) "Antony and Cleopatra," IV, 15. (3) "Twelfth Night," V, 1. (4) "King Lear," III, 4. (5) "The Merchant of Venice," I, 3. (6) "The Merchant of Venice," II, 5. (7) "Othello," I, 2. (8) "The Taming of the Shrew," IV, 1. (9) "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," II, 4. (10) "Romeo and Juliet," III, 5. (11) "Macbeth," III, 1. (12) "Richard III," V, 5. (13) "Henry IV," III, 2. (14) "Julius Caesar," V, 5. (15) "Hamlet," II, 2. (16) "Hamlet," I, 5. (17) "The Merry Wives of Windsor," V, 5. (18) "The Comedy of Errors," V, 1. (19) "Love's Labour's Lost," III, 1. (20) "The Merchant of Venice," V, 1.

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comfortable and winks at our pagan practices? Do we want to go on holding our hates and our prejudices against others or do we want to act on the principle that all men are the creation of God? Which shall it be, denominational preferences or the eternal truth? Our lust for vengeance or our desire for justice? Our selfish pride or our self-respect? Our lethargy in the face of preventable ills or our sensitiveness to anything that hurts men and women and little children? What we choose now may be the determining factor of the future of civilization.

CHRISTIANITY is not a soporific but something terrific, lonely, explosive, and world shattering. The *Magnificat* of Mary, when she sings, "He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree," is more revolutionary than anything any totalitarian state has ever sung. The only difference is that when we sing the *Magnificat* we do not believe what we sing. What tomorrow will be depends on whether Christianity remains a thing to be debated or a life to be lived.

Wilfred T. Grenfell once did me the honor of speaking in my church. I can still hear him say, as we stood together in my study, "I do not care for the doctrines and the creeds, and I am not interested in the controversial eddies that have swirled about them. I only thank God that these old hands, which have handled a ship's wheel more than they have wielded a surgeon's knife, have nevertheless under God been able to make blind men see and lame men walk." A single Grenfell-like or Schweitzer-like church is worth more than a hydrogen bomb.

I shall never forget the compliments an old man paid me on his death bed. He lived near the village where I had my first little parish. The family belonged to another church, but he belonged to none. I sat on his porch and talked with him or stood beside his buggy when he drove to the village for his mail. He was old and I was young, but we had some things in common. We talked about farming, horses, politics, and religion. He never came to my church, but when he grew ill I dropped in to see him. When I was about to leave he looked up at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "The family's minister was here the other day. He prayed for my poor soul and asked if I were prepared to die. I told him I would take my chances along with him. When I die I should like to have you bury me. I think you will be kind to an old heathen such as I." I thought then, and have believed ever since, that Jesus was more concerned about what the future generations would think of His life than of the things He said. It is so with the hero always—what he says is subordinate to what he does. "The works that I do, these are they that testify of me."

During these years I have been amazed at the manner in which the church has extracted from the Gospel some statement of ideals such as world brotherhood and ecumenicity, and set it where people could see it. Promotional committees urge preachers to preach about it, make it the slogan for mass meetings and conventions, and then sit back in their swivel chairs perfectly smug and content, and with the feeling that they have done something that changed men's characters and improved their conduct. This is one of the great delusions of the twentieth-century church and perhaps one of the reasons for the church's failures.

There never was a time when I did not believe in world brotherhood and in the unity of the church, but I have learned that a great truth loses its cutting quality when it is turned into a mere topic of discourse. I have no hesitancy in saying that the movements that make church dignitaries throw their hats in the air, keep them shuttling back and forth between the United States and the rest of the world in great excitement, will come to naught, unless we can reach down into the heart of the church where individuals are playing at religion, open their eyes to the simple Gospel that demands that the individuals share the everyday interests of their neighbors, and that they play the part in religion that men ought to play. You can't dress up an idea and make it play the part of a character. Great deeds are never exhibited on a large scale. They are not the attractors of great crowds; they are always the sacrificial deeds of individual persons.

When I think of the Christian movement I think of a movement that was launched not by men who played on the fringes of it, or by lotus eaters, or by men who wore broad smiles in the midst of a crisis that could rock the world off its hinges, or by theologians with smooth-turning keys to the enigmas of the universe; but by cross bearers, by men who did not know all the movements of God; by men who said, "Here am I. I'll pit the Gospel against all the problems of the world. Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Somewhere I read long ago that civil life in Rome in the days of the early church was safe and tranquil. But there was one danger spot—the Christian Church. Join that and you took the risk of being thrown to the lions. The church became the center of attraction for heroic souls. It was the heroism of the Christians that conquered the world of that day. I know no other terms on which the Christian Church can conquer the world in which we are living now.

Frederick Keller Stamm was formerly pastor of Chicago's First Congregational Church. His radio program, "Highlights of the Bible," has been broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co. network for the past twenty years. His books include "In the Shadow of the Cross" and "Seeing the Multitudes." This essay is drawn from "If This Be Religion," to be published October 19 by the John Day Co.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DO EVIL IN RETURN *Margaret Millar* (Random House: $2.50)	Weeping girl with ten-cent-store wedding ring starts attractive female medic in California town mixing with murder. Diagnosis by likable Lt. Easter.	Nice people in believable predicaments due to love and louses, writing tops, plotting intelligent, solution acceptable mills-of-the-gods.	Definitely prescribed
THE MAN WHO SAID NO *Walt Grove* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	Plane pilot McMahan, Bogart by Clark Gable cross-breed, tests jets and girls on Long Island while murder rides the skies.	Not quite supersonic, but suspense and speed nicely balanced with wisecracks, FBI meat, authentic plane talk.	Amusing toughy
THE GOLDFISH MURDERS *Will Mitchell* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	Dead goldfish reposes on scrumptious bosom of daggered blonde. Chris Lash, Manhattan Homicide, nets killer several corpses and many goldfish later.	Plentiful suspects all practised embalmers and nasty. Long on sex, short on subtlety and fuel for attempted super-heating.	Sometimes tedious

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entertaining reading. Halcyon is finally successful in her plans and incidentally gets a husband herself.

Though Papa has been two years in his grave, which has not yet been paid for, he is the dominant character. His somewhat wacky philosophy pervades the family life, and he is constantly quoted. As Aunt Libby says, "He looked like a stout-hearted rabbit. His talk was impractical and yet always made beautiful sense." Mama consults him about her intended marriage and is sure he approves.

There isn't room to tell about the other many engaging characters in this book: Lucy, the younger daughter, who bangs herself up practising to be a circus acrobat; Mr. Sewall, whose ideas about seduction are positively fascinating; or Mr. McCracken, the alcoholic who lives in the chicken house, where he is joined by Aunt Libby's divorced husband, also an alcoholic, and they establish a sort of Alcoholics Anonymous as they argue back and forth to keep each other on the wagon. Nor how they built up a profitable business selling smoked rabbit cured in the fumes of burning sherry.

You may not approve of the Gaineses, you certainly would not want to live with them, but you will enjoy reading about them. This is a lively and entertaining story. It should be a wow on the screen.

Fiction Notes

MIDDLE HEAVEN, by Mona Gardner. Doubleday. $3. This is the story of a woman's strength of character. The woman is the more remarkable for contriving to exercise it despite general, age-old conviction, firmly shared by herself, that all of her sex are born silly and must rely upon men to do their thinking for them, that indeed they must work unfalteringly to make up for the burden upon men of their foolishness.

"Middle Heaven" reveals a strong, wholesome strain in the psychological make-up of that most complex and unhappy of people, the Japanese; for the inner well of strength into which the peasant woman Tomo must repeatedly dip is duplicated by many another Japanese wife and mother.

Tomo is a sturdy, a strong-backed country girl who in marrying into the Ando clan of fishermen-farmers passionately assumes a loyalty towards the welfare of her adopted family. At first with wile, finally (surprising herself no less than others) outright, she directs the affairs of the family after one by one the men let her down.

Miss Gardner has attempted the difficult feat of folding the Occidental audience into the Japanese scene. To accomplish this the author assumes a

rather patient interest on the part of the reader in the day-by-day, play-by-play recording of the routine details of living of a wholly strange people. A great deal of space is given to how the family ate, bathed, slept, and worked, yet rarely could this reader, despite some familiarity with the Japanese landscape, actually visualize the interior of the house, the farmyard, or the streets of the town.

Almost anyone reading such a book inevitably searches for a clue to the now-familiar paradox: how the same Japanese with a deep hunger for beauty, a love of nature, a delicacy of movement and touch in his own artistic home, can be guilty of the most brutal wartime atrocities. Whether consciously or not, Miss Gardner offers what may be one answer: she pictures, and excellently, the terrific and numerous restraints under which every Japanese seems to live from the start of his life to its finish. It is small wonder that when cast loose from such oppressive confinements, and from all familiar anchors, the Japanese soldier breaks loose.

There is much that is likable about the Japanese, and Miss Gardner presents it persuasively, along with the hissing, the belching, the sucking of teeth, and the obsequiousness representing their less attractive side. "Middle Heaven" is a book which should certainly be read for a sympathetic understanding of a misled people who may yet become our fighting allies.

—Lucy Herndon Crockett.

I SEEK A CITY, by Gilbert Rees. Dutton. $3. That dubious hybrid article known as "biographical fiction" is something that has made a good many readers look askance. It is nothing, however, to the pseudo-autobiographical fiction as represented in this book. In this reviewer's opinion, it may be considered a matter of bad taste for a novelist to presume to put himself in Roger Williams's place and, in the first person, tell the story of his life in fictional form. When the result happens to be something singularly lachrymose and lugubrious, the offense assumes a nature not easily condoned. We do not think that Roger Williams was a man who would have thought of his life in terms of a novel, and if he had he certainly would not have written one so soppy with manufactured emotionalism, unworthy of a seeker of God's city.

This is Williams's story from his childhood in London to the burning of Providence by King Philip's Indians. His infatuation for Lady Jane Whalley, whose tutor he was, his marriage to the servant Mary, his difficulties as a preacher when he displeases Cotton and his associates, his relations with the Indians are all part of the familiar story, which had best be read in legitimate biographies, the best of which is by James Ernst. Williams is in no position to repudiate this attempt to "dramatize" him in fiction; he has no option but to turn in his grave.

—John Cournos.

BUGLES IN THE NIGHT, by Arthur Herbert. Rinehart. $2.50. A naive, clumsy, and strenuously boring piece of fiction about U. S. troops holding the fort against savage Indians on the frontier of the old West. A string of names, uttering idiotic speeches, flicker through these pages with the levity of Keystone cops chasing a gang of pie snatchers. Captain Zachary Sain, dispatched on a dangerous mission by his tyrannical commanding officer, massacres the Indians, rescues his gal, saves the fort, gets promoted to major, and everyone is happy except the reader, who wonders why the author blew these "Bugles in the Night."

—Joseph M. Grant.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, by Philip Lindsay. Sheridan House. $2.75. Setting his novel in the time of Hogarth, Philip Lindsay had the interesting idea of constructing his narrative around the engravings in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." In a sense, then, this is a novelization of that powerful series, an attempt to set forth in words the London underworld of pimps and prostitutes, footpads and horse thieves, stinks and filth and disease and drunken licentiousness that Hogarth pic-

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tured. Unfortunately, the proverb attributed to the Chinese about a picture being worth a thousand words is again verified. Mr. Lindsay has used many thousands of words and a wealth of authentic-sounding detail. He has described the streets and the balls and the brawls and an endless succession of pubs. He has invented a romantic plot with which to tie all this together into what the publishers call "a novel of Hogarth's times." And he has written all this down in a brisk, if undistinguished, style which uses generously the bawdy vernacular of the period.

Unhappily, his provision of local color has been generous to the point of being boring, his plot as frail a reed as could be conceived, and his characters improbable stereotypes. The student interested in a picture of the times would be well-advised to consult the more economical and entertaining pictures of Hogarth. The lover of romantic fiction can surely find a more engrossing and rewarding plot. —EDWARD FITZGERALD.

QUATREFOIL, by James Barr. Greenberg. $3. Novels about homosexualism are a dime a dozen. This one, like others of the same genre, partaking as it does of the nature of individual case history, leaves the reader no wiser at the end than he was at the beginning. The author's rationalization of the case through the minds of the two men concerned—Lieutenant Commander Timothy Danelaw and Ensign Phillip Freulich of the U. S. Navy—is singularly inept and contradictory and explains nothing. He makes Tim out to be something of a superman who "had lived too long to regard morals or ethics as anything but abstractions." It is indeed on some sort of higher moral grounds, herein undefined, that Tim sets up as the younger man's mentor and preceptor. Phillip is reluctant to enter into this dubious partnership but is persuaded by Tim's confident manner and specious arguments. It is suggested that Tim's deviations from normal sexual practices are due to the fact that his wife, Pat, has refused to give him children and that Phillip has some justification in that his fiancée is a hopeless nitwit. Why then Tim's endless mental harping on Phillip's "sleek young body" and all that? And if it is "love," a love higher than that between man and woman, why Tim's bitter resentment and violence when he imagines that Phillip has been physically unfaithful? To this reviewer, who is allergic to the theme, this assiduous attempt to explain the relationship between two homosexuals hopelessly in love with themselves seems just sheer blather. —J. C.

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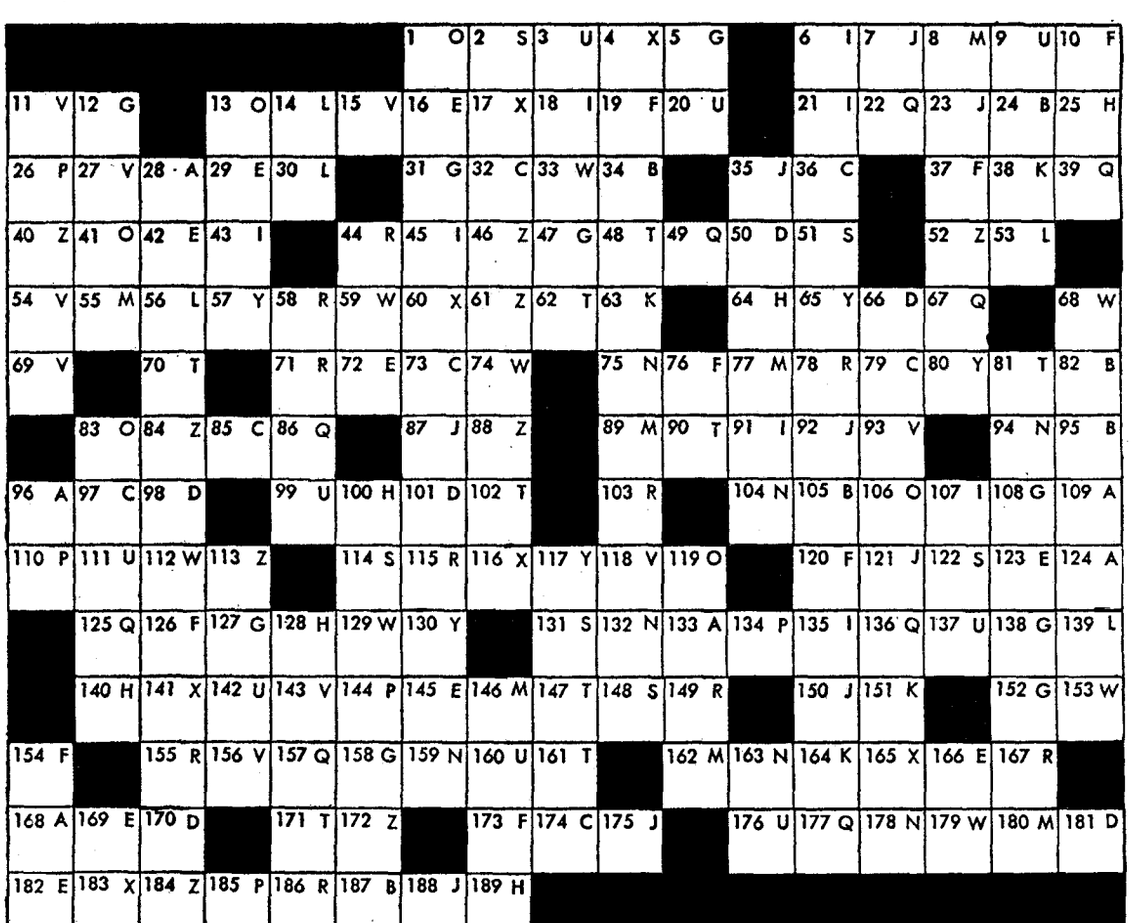
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A ghost or voice, esp. of a person about to die (Scot.).	28 168 109 124 133 96
B. The Hittite language.	34 24 82 95 187 105
C. Pertaining to dreams.	36 85 97 32 73 174 79
D. American spotted cat resembling the ocelot (Central America to Brazil).	181 66 98 50 101 170
E. Capital of seventh state to ratify the Constitution, April 28, 1788.	145 166 169 42 182 72 29 16 123
F. Irish poet and novelist (1882- ; "The Crock of Gold," etc.).	154 126 10 120 173 19 76 37
G. A swimming bird to whom Bryant wrote a famous lyric poem.	152 138 127 5 108 12 158 31 47
H. Delineates, as on a map.	140 100 128 25 64 189
I. To examine thoroughly, as for repair.	135 18 45 107 6 21 91 43
J. Practical wisdom; prudence.	23 150 121 87 35 188 175 7 92
K. Meteorologist to both War and Navy departments who laid the basis for weather forecasting (1785-1860).	151 63 38 164
L. Taximan in title of popular play by Clifford Odets, 1935.	139 14 53 56 30
M. Encompassing on all sides.	89 8 162 55 180 77 146
N. More clamorous; more vociferous.	178 94 75 104 132 163 159
O. The soul of a dead person residing in another's body and acting through it (Jewish folklore).	119 41 13 1 106 83
P. Exterior; outer (anat.).	26 144 134 185 110
Q. American novelist, daughter of Alma Gluck (1903- ; "Of Lena Geyer," etc.).	86 125 157 39 49 22 177 136 67
R. Took liberties with (3 wds.).	71 103 167 149 44 186 58 115 78 155
S. Cloth gaiters buttoned over the ankles.	2 131 114 122 148 51
T. Father of Belshazzar and last King of Babylon, 556-39 B.C.	81 70 90 171 102 48 161 147 62
U. Members of a governing body of a corporation.	20 137 142 160 176 99 111 3 9
V. Warlike.	54 93 11 15 118 27 143 156 69
W. To sting with nettles; to flog, thrash.	112 59 33 68 129 153 179 74
X. "Island," site of first English settlement in N.A., by Sir Walter Raleigh, 1585.	116 165 141 60 183 4 17
Y. American theatrical manager, esp. of vaudeville houses (1846-1914).	130 80 117 57 65
Z. Famous Parisian chef (1847?-1935).	46 113 40 52 88 172 84 61 184



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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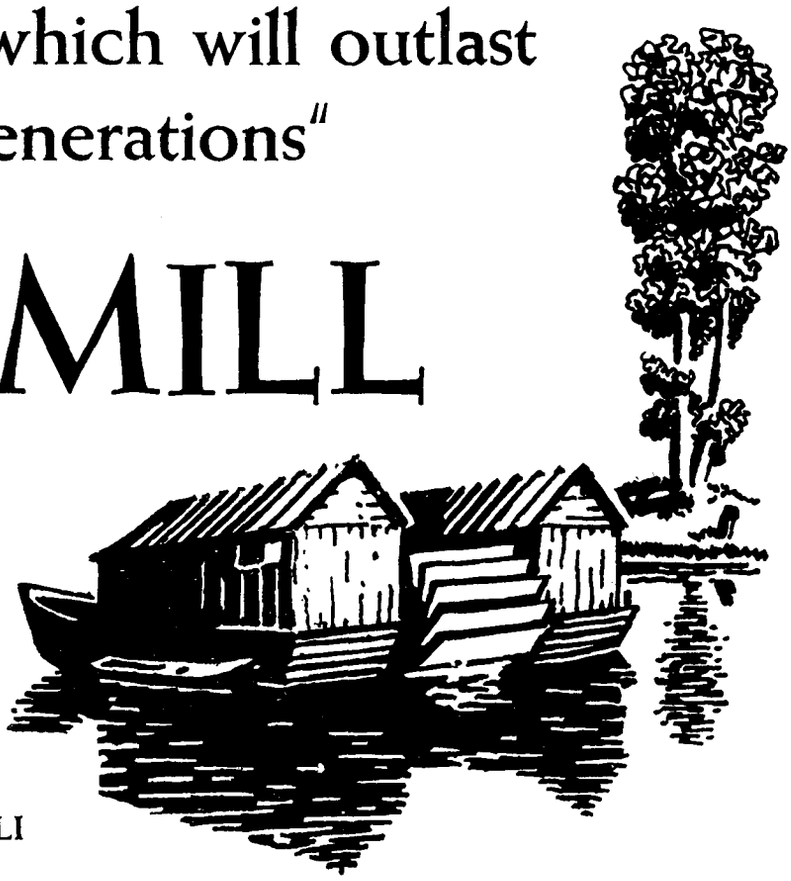

by RICCARDO BACCHELLI

THIS RICH and full story centers on the ever-changing fortunes of a simple miller's family whose ups and downs reflect the tremendous events taking place in Italy at the time of its birth as a unified nation.

Lazzaro Scacerni, passionate, resourceful, determined, felt that a miller's life was the only one worth living—although he sometimes had wistful memories of the days when he was a soldier with Napoleon's army in Russia. It was through a strange, romantic adventure there that he had, in a way, inherited the money that enabled him to build his floating mill on the Po.

He married a beautiful, shy girl, *Dosolina,* many years younger than he, and never knew the thoughts in her mind—thoughts that she hesitated to admit even to herself.

Their son, *Giuseppe,* born on the night of a terrible flood, was an unattractive, unscrupulous turncoat, purveyor of grain to the Austrian army, who earned the nickname of Were Rabbit because, people said, he had the habits of a werewolf but the face of a rabbit. It was only in Were Rabbit's son that the spirit of Lazzaro lived again, to fight and die with Garibaldi.

Bandits, harlots, thieves and murderers enter the lives of the family as the changing tides of Italy's history cast strange people up on the banks of the Po. And here, too, come the French Hussars, the Austrians and Croats, the Zouaves, raping, wantonly killing, destroying. But under such pressures, ideas are born, oppression breeds rebellion, and slowly Italy gropes her way to unity and independence.

Though this is the fascinating story of the fortunes and misfortunes of one small Italian family, in the telling it becomes the story of an entire people—its ethics, its religion, and its way of life—little people who bear the burden of war and revolution, of flood and famine, but who yet find the will to survive, and time to work and love and play.

- "Our Swedish Academy would do well to keep its eyes on Riccardo Bacchelli when it next awards the Nobel Prize."—*Stockholm's Tidningen*
- "It has no equal in Italy, and few peers in the whole of Europe."—*Neue Zuercher Zeitung*
- "In its depths, the novel treats of the eternal vicissitudes and sorrowful mysteries of mankind. The characters . . achieve the dignity of epic and tragic heroes."

—*Benedetto Croce,*

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